# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 4, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

# HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE

MAKES "TOOTH BRUSH TIME" A PLEASURE

## Special Introductory Offer

YOU can insure a sound and beautiful set of teeth for your child for life when Hy-Jen Tooth Paste is used, because the youngsters *like to use it*. Its delicious flavor, its wonderfully fine, smooth texture and the refreshing, luxurious white foam it makes on the teeth delight the sensitive tastes of childhood. The same qualities make Hy-Jen a luxury for grown-ups. It cleans and polishes the teeth as naturally and smoothly as soap cleans the hands, and it can't injure the tenderest mouth. It really "puts you in good humor with yourself." Ask your dealer for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. If he doesn't have it, send us his name with 8c. in postage and we will send you a full size 25c. tube to try. This offer is open for 30 days only, and is made to prove to you how good Hy-Jen Tooth Paste really is.

**HY-JEN CHEMICAL CO., 206 KINZIE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.**

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin


Copyright, 1905, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 — PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 4, 1905 — Number 32

# THE KEYS OF EDEN

## By Robert W. Chambers

Author of Iole

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like an old song through a dream.

WHEN Kingsbury had finished his postgraduate course in social economy at Columbia University there appeared to be little or nothing further in the way of human knowledge for him to acquire. However, on the chance of disinterring a fragment or two of amorphous information which he might find use for in his projected book, The Economy of Marriage, he allowed himself a year abroad, taking the precaution to invite Smith—the flippancy of Smith being calculated to neutralize any over-intellectual activity in himself.

He needed a rest; he had had the world on his hands too long—ever since his sophomore year. Smith was the man to give him mental repose. There was no use attempting to discuss social economy with Smith, or of interesting that trivial and inert mind in race suicide. Smith was flippant. Often and often Kingsbury thought: "How can he have passed through Columbia University and remained flippant?" But neither pyramid nor Pantheon produced marked effect upon Smith, and although it is true that Paris horridly appealed to him, in the remainder of Europe he found nothing better to do than to unpack his trout-rod and make for the nearest puddle wherever they found themselves, whether in the Alps, the Tyrol, the Vosges, or the forests of Belgium, where they at present occupied a stucco-covered villa with servants, stables, hothouses, and a likely trout stream for Smith to dabble in, at a sum per month so ridiculously reasonable that I shall not mention it for fear of depopulating my native land.

Besides, they had the youthful and widowed Countess of Semois for their neighbor.

And so it came about that, in this leafy, sunny land of cream and honey, one very lovely morning, young Kingsbury, booted and spurred and still flushed from his early gallop through the soft wood-roads of the forest, found Smith at breakfast under the grape-arbor, immersed in a popular novel and a bowl of strawberries.

"Hello," said Smith politely, pushing the fruit across the table. "The berries are fine; I took a corking trout an hour ago; we'll have it directly."

"I saw the Countess," said Kingsbury, carelessly unbuttoning his gloves as he stood there.

"Oh, you did? Well, which one is the Countess: the girl with the dark hair, or that stunning red-haired beauty?"

"How could I tell? I couldn't ride up and ask, could I? They were driving, as usual. The King was out, too; I wish he'd wear a decent hat."

"With the moral welfare of two hemispheres on your hands, you ought not to feel responsible for the King's derby," observed Smith.

Any exaggeration of fact always perplexed Kingsbury. He flattened out his gloves, stuck his riding-crop into his left boot, and looked at Smith through his monocle.

"For all the talk about the King," he said, "the peasantry salute him as reverently as though he were their father."

To which Smith, in his flippancy, replied:

The children for their monarch pray,
Each buxom lass and laddie;
A thousand reasons good have they
To call the King their daddy.

Kingsbury retired to make his toilet; returned presently smelling less of the stables, seated himself, drowned a dozen luscious strawberries in cream, tasted one, and cast a patronizing eye upon the trout, which had been prepared à la Meunière.

"Corker, isn't he?" observed Smith, contemplating the fish with pardonable pride. "He's poached, I regret to inform you."

"Poached?"

"THE GIRL WITH THE DARK HAIR, OR THAT STUNNING RED-HAIRED BEAUTY?"

"Oh, not like an egg; I mean that I took him in private waters. It was a flagrant case of poaching."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"Now, I'll explain that in a minute. You know where our stream flows under the arch in the wall which separates our grounds from the park next door? Well, I was casting away on our side, never thinking of mischief, when, flip! flop! spatter! splash! and, if you please, right under the water-arch in the wall this scandalous trout jumped. Of course, I put it to him good and plenty, but the criminal creature, on purpose to tempt me, backed off down stream and clean through the arch into our neighbor's water.

"'Is it poaching if I go over after him?' thought I. And, Kingsbury, do you know I had no time to debate that moral question, because, before I could reply to myself, I found myself hoisting a ladder to the top of the wall and lowering it on the other side—there are no steps on the other side. And what do you think? Before I could rouse myself with the cry of 'Trespasser! Help!' I found myself climbing down into the park and casting a fly with sinful accuracy.

"'Is it right?' I asked myself in an agony of doubt. But, alas, Kingsbury, before I had a ghost of a chance to answer myself in the negative I had hooked that trout fast; and there was the deuce to pay, for I'd forgotten my landing-net!"

He shook his head, helped Kingsbury to a portion of the trout, and refilled his own cup. "Isn't it awful," he said.

"It's on a par with most of your performances," observed the other coldly. "I suppose you continued your foolish conduct with that girl, too."

"What girl?"

"And I suppose you kissed her again! Did you?"

"Kiss a girl?" stammered Smith. "Where have you been prowling?"

"Along the boundary wall on my side, if you want to know. A week ago I chanced to be out by moonlight, and I saw you kiss her, Smith, across the top of the park wall. It is your proper rôle, of course, to deny it, but let me tell you that I think it's a pretty undignified business of yours, kissing the Countess of Semois' servants——"

"What the deuce——"

"Well, *who* was it you kissed over the top of the wall, then?"

"I don't know," said Smith sullenly.

"You don't know! It wasn't the Countess, was it?"

"Of course it wasn't the Countess. I tell you I don't know who it was."

"Nonsense!"

"No, it isn't. What happened was this: I climbed up the niches to sit on the wall by moonlight and watch the trout jump; and just as my head cleared the wall the head of a girl came up on the other side—right against the moon, so it was just a shadow—a sort of silhouette. It was an agreeable silhouette; I couldn't really see her features."

"That was no reason for kissing them, was it?"

"No—oh, not at all. The way *that* came about was most extraordinary. You see, we were both amazed to find our two noses so close together, and I said—something foolish—and she laughed—the prettiest, disconcerted little laugh, and that moon was there, and suddenly, to my astonishment, I realized that I was going to kiss her if she didn't move. . . . And—she didn't."

"You mean to say——"

"Yes, I do; I haven't the faintest notion who it was I kissed. It couldn't have been the Countess, because I've neither fought any duels nor have I been arrested. I refuse to believe it could have been the cook, because there was something about that kiss indescribably aromatic—and, Kingsbury, she didn't say a word—she scarcely breathed. Now a cook would have screamed, you know——"

"I *don't* know," interrupted Kingsbury.

"No, no, of course—neither do I."

"Idiot!" said Kingsbury wrathfully. "Suppose it *had* been the Countess! Think of the consequences! Keep away from that wall and don't attempt to ape the depravity of a morally sick continent. You shocked me in Paris; you're mortifying me here. If you think I'm going to be identified with your ragged morals you are mistaken."

"That's right; don't stand for 'em. I've been reading cheap novels, and I need a jar from an intelligence absolutely devoid of imagination."

"You'll get it if you don't behave yourself," said Kingsbury complacently. "The Countess of Semois probably knows who we are, and ten to one we'll meet her at that charity bazar at Semois-les-Bains this afternoon."

"I'm not going," said Smith, breaking an egg.

"Not going? You said you would go. Our Ambassador will be there, and we can meet the Countess if we want to."

"I don't want to. Suppose, after all, I had kissed her! No, I'm not going, I tell you."

"Very well; that's your own affair," observed the other, serenely occupied with the trout. "Perhaps you're right, too; perhaps the happy scullion whom you honored may have complained about you to her mistress."

Smith sullenly tinkled the bell for more toast; a doll-faced maid in cap and apron brought it.

"Probably," said Kingsbury in English, "*that* is the species you fondled——"

Smith opened his novel and pretended to read; Kingsbury picked up the morning paper, propped it against a carafe, sipped his coffee, and inspected the headlines through his single eyeglass. For a few minutes peace and order hovered over the American breakfast; the men were young and in excellent appetite; the fragrance of the flowers was not too intrusive; discreet breezes stirred the leaves; and

well-behaved little birds sang judiciously in several surrounding bushes.

As Kingsbury's eyes wandered over the paper, gradually focusing upon a small paragraph, a frown began to gather on his youthful features.

"Here's a nice business!" he said, disgusted.

Smith looked up indifferently. "Well, what is it?" he asked, and then, seeing the expression on his friend's face, added: "Oh, I'll bet I know!"

"This," said Kingsbury, paying him no attention, "is simply sickening."

"A young life bartered for a coronet?" inquired Smith blandly.

"Yes. Isn't it shameful? What on earth are our women thinking of? Are you aware, Smith, that over sixty per cent. of such marriages are unhappy? Are you? Why, I could sit here and give you statistics——"

"Don't, all the same."

"Statistics that must shock even you. And I say solemnly, that I, as an American, as a humanitarian, as a student of social economics——"

"Help! Help!" complained Smith, addressing the butter.

"Social economics," repeated the other firmly, "as a patriot, a man, and a future father, I am astounded at the women of my native land! Race suicide is not alone what menaces us; it is the exportation of our finest and most vigorous stock to upbuild a bloodless and alien aristocracy at our expense."

Smith reached for the toast-rack.

"And if there's one thing that irritates me," continued Kingsbury, "it's the spectacle of wholesome American girls marrying titles. Every time they do it I get madder, too. Short-sighted people like you shrug their shoulders, but I tell you, Smith, it's a terrible menace to our country. Beauty, virtue, wealth, all are being drawn away from America into the purlieus of England and the Continent."

"Then I think you ought to see about it at once," said Smith, presenting himself with another slice of toast.

Kingsbury applied marmalade to a muffin and flattened out the newspaper.

"I tell you what," he said, "some American ought to give them a dose of their own medicine."

"How?"

"By coming over here and marrying a few of their titled women."

Smith sipped his coffee, keeping his novel open with the other hand: "We do that sort of thing very frequently in literature, I notice. There's an American doing it now in this novel. I've read lots of novels like it, too." He laid his head on one side, musing. "As far as I can calculate from the romantic literature I have absorbed, I should say that we Americans have already carried off practically all of the available titled beauties of Europe."

"My friend," said Kingsbury coldly, "do you realize that I am serious?"

"About what?"

"About this scandalous chase after titles. In the book on which I am now engaged I am embodying the following economic propositions: For every good, sweet, wholesome American girl taken from America to bolster up a degenerate title, we men of America ought to see to it that a physically sound and titled young woman be imported and married to one of us."

"Why a titled one?"

"So that Europe shall feel it the more keenly," replied Kingsbury sternly. "I've often pondered the matter. If only one American could be found sufficiently self-sacrificing to step forward and set the example by doing it, I am convinced, Smith, that the tardy wheels of justice would begin to revolve and rouse a nation too long imposed upon."

"Why don't you do something in that way yourself? There's a fine physical specimen of the Belgian nobility in the villa next door."

"I don't know her," said Kingsbury, turning a delicate shell pink.

"You will when you go to the bazar. Stop fiddling with that newspaper and answer me like a man."

But Kingsbury only reopened the newspaper and blandly scanned the columns. Presently he began muttering aloud as he skimmed paragraph after paragraph; but his mutterings were ignored by Smith, who, coffee-cup in hand, was again buried in his novel.

"I've a mind to try it," repeated Kingsbury in a higher key. "It is the duty of every decent American to improve his own race. If we want physical perfection in anything don't we select the best type obtainable? Why don't we do it in marrying? I tell you, Smith, this is the time for individual courage, honesty and decency. Our duty is clear; we must meet the impoverishment which these titled marriages threaten with a resistless counter-raid into the enemy's country. When a European takes from us one of our best, let us take from Europe her best, health for health, wealth for wealth, title for title! By Heaven, Smith, I'm going to write a volume on this."

"Oh, you're going to *write* about it!"

"I am."

"And then what?" asked Smith, taking the newspaper from Kingsbury and opening it.

UNATTENDED, HATLESS, THE SLEEVES OF HER SHIRTWAIST ROLLED UP ABOVE HER WHITE ELBOWS

"What then? Why—why, some one of us ought to give our country an example. I'm willing to do it—when I have time——"

"Here's your chance, then," urged Smith, studying the society column. "Here's all about the charity bazar at Semois-les-Bains this afternoon. The Countess sells dolls there. Our Ambassador will be on hand, and you can meet her easily enough. The rest," he added politely, "will, of course, be easy."

Kingsbury lighted a cigar, leaned back in his chair, and flung one slim, booted leg over the other.

"If I were not here in Belgium for a rest——" he began.

"You are—but not alone for bodily and mental repose. Think how it would rest your conscience to offset that marriage which has irritated you by marrying the Countess of Semois—by presenting to your surprised and admiring country a superb and titled wife for patriotic purposes."

"I don't know which she is," retorted Kingsbury, intensely annoyed. "If she's the tall girl with dark hair and lots of color I could manage to fall in love easily enough, I may add, Smith, that you have an extraordinary way of messing up the English language."

He arose, walking out toward the gate, where the smiling little postman came trotting up to meet him, fishing out a dozen letters and papers.

"Letters from home, Smith," he observed, strolling back to the arbor. "Here's one for you"—he laid it beside Smith's plate—"and here's one from my sister—I'll just glance at it if you'll excuse me." He opened it and read placidly for a few moments. Then, of a sudden a terrible change came into his face; he hastily clapped his monocle to his eye, glared at the written page, set his teeth, and crumpled it furiously in his hand.

"Smith," he said hoarsely, "my sister writes that she's engaged to marry an—an Englishman!"

"What of it?" inquired Smith.

"What of it? I tell you my sister—my *sister*—*my* sister—is going to marry a British title!"

"She's probably in love, isn't she? What's the harm——"

"Harm?"

For a full minute Kingsbury stood petrified, glaring at space, then he cast his cigar violently among the roses.

"I have a mind," he said, "to get into a top hat and frock coat and drive to Semois-les-Bains. . . . You say she sells dolls?"

"She's due to sell 'em, according to the morning paper."

For a few moments more Kingsbury paced the lawn; color, due to wrath or rising excitement, touched his smooth, handsome face, deepening the mask of tan. He was good to look upon, and one of the most earnest young men the gods had ever slighted.

"You think I'm all theory, don't you?" he said nervously. "You shrug those flippant shoulders of yours when I tell you what course an American who honors his country should pursue. Now I'll prove to you whether or not I'm sincere. I am deliberately going to marry the Countess of Semois; and this afternoon I shall take the necessary measures to fall in love with her. That," he added excitedly, "can be accomplished if she is the dark-haired girl we've seen driving."

"Now, I don't suppose you really intend to do such a——"

"Yes, I do! It sounds preposterous, but it's logical. I'm going to practice what I expect to spend my life in preaching; that's all. Not that I want to marry just now—I don't; it's inconvenient. I don't want to fall in love, I don't want to marry, I don't want to have a dozen children," he said irritably; "but I'm going to, Smith! I'm going to, for the sake of my country. *Pro patriâ et gloria.*"

"Right away?"

"What rot you talk, sometimes! But I'm ready to make my words mean something; I'm ready to marry the Countess of Semois. There is no possible room for doubt; any man can marry any woman he wants to; that is my absolute conviction. Anyhow, I shall ask her."

"As soon as you meet her?"

"Certainly not. I expect to take several days about it——"

"Why employ several days in sweet dissembling?"

"Confound it, I'm not going to dissemble! I'm going to let her know that I admire her the moment I meet her. I'm going to tell her about my theory of scientific marriages. If she is sensible—if she is the woman America requires—if she is the dark-haired girl—she'll understand." He turned squarely on Smith: "As for you, if you were the sort of American that you ought to be you would pick out some ornamental and wholesome young Belgian aristocrat and marry her in the shortest time that decency permits! That's what you'd do if you had a scintilla of patriotism in your lazy make-up!"

"No, I wouldn't——"

"You would! Look at yourself—a great, hulking, wealthy, idle young man, who stands around in puddles catching fish while Europe runs off our loveliest women under your bovine nose. Shame on you! Have you no desire to be up and doing?"

"Oh, of course," said Smith, unruffled; "if several passion-smitten duchesses should climb over the big wall yonder and chase me into the garden——"

Kingsbury swung on his spurred heels and strode into the house; Smith sauntered out to the terrace, looked at the sky, sniffed the roses, and sat down in the shadow of a cherry tree, cocking his feet up and resting his novel on his knees. Several hours later, aroused by the mellow clash of harness and noise of wheels, he looked out over the terrace wall just in time to catch a glimpse of the victoria of his neighbor, gold and green livery, strawberry roans, flashing wheels and all; and, quite alone under her brilliant sunshade, the dark-haired girl whom Kingsbury had decided to marry as soon as he could arrange to fall in love with her.

"I fancy she's the Countess, all right," mused Smith; "but, to me, the girl with red hair is vastly more—more alluring——"

The sound of wheels again broke the thread of his sleepy meditation; their dog-cart was at the gate; and presently he perceived Kingsbury, hatted and gloved to perfection, get in, take the reins from the coachman, loop his whip, assume the posture popularly attributed to pupils of Howlett, and go whirling away through the lazy sunshine of a perfect Belgian afternoon.

"The beast has lunched without me," muttered Smith, yawning and looking at his watch. Then he got up, stretched, tinkled the bell, and when the doll-faced maid arrived, requested an omelet à la Semois and a bottle of claret.

He got it in due time, absorbed it lazily, casting a weather-wise eye on the sky at intervals with a view to afternoon fishing; but the sun was too bright; besides, his book had become interesting in a somewhat maudlin fashion, inasmuch as the lovers must come to a clinch in the next chapter or not at all.

"You can't tell in modern novels," he muttered; "a girl has a way of side-stepping just as the bell rings; but he ought to make good within the next page or two. If he doesn't he's a dub!"

With which comment he sought his hammock for an hour's needed repose; but he had slumbered longer than that when he found himself sitting bolt upright, the telephone bell ringing in his ears.

Comfortably awake now, he slid from the hammock, and, entering the house, stepped into the smoking-room.

"Hello!" he said, unhooking the receiver.

Kingsbury's voice replied: "I'm here in Semois-les-Bains, at the charity bazar. Can you distinguish what I say?"

"Perfectly, my Romeo! Proceed."

"I'm in a fix. Our Ambassador didn't come, and I don't know anybody to take me over and present me."

"Buy a doll, idiot!"

"Confound it, I've already bought ten! That doesn't give me the privilege of doing anything but buying ten more. She's busy; about five million people are crowding around her."

"Buy every doll she has! Put her out of business, man! Then if you can't fix it somehow you're a cuckoo. Is the Countess the dark-haired girl?"

"Certainly."

"How do you know?"

"Isn't she here selling dolls? Didn't the paper say she was going to?"

"Yes—but hadn't you better find out for certain before you——"

"I am certain; anyway, I don't care. Smith, she is the most radiantly——"

"All right; ring off——"

"Wait! I wanted to tell you that she has the prettiest way of smiling every time I buy a doll. And then, while she wraps up the infernal thing in ribbons and tissue we chat a little. I'd like to murder our Ambassador! Do you think that if I bought her entire stock——"

"Yes, I do!"

"What do you think?"

"What you do."

"But I don't think anything at all. I am asking you——"

"Try it, anyhow."

"All right. Hold the wire, Smith. I'll report progress ——"

"What! Stand here and wait——"

"Don't be selfish. I'll return in a moment."

The "moment" stretched into a buzzing, crackling half-hour, punctuated by impatient inquiries from Central. Suddenly an excited: "Hello, Smith!"

"Hello, you infernal——"

"I've done it! I've bought every doll! She's the sweetest thing; I told her I had a plan for endowing a ward in any old hospital she might name, and she thinks we ought to talk it over, so I'm going to sit out on the terrace with her—Smith!"

"What?"

"Oh, I thought you'd gone! I only wanted to say that she is far, far lovelier than I had supposed. I can't wait here talking with you any longer. Good-by!"

"Is she the Countess?" shouted Smith incredulously.

But Kingsbury had rung off.

So Smith retired to his room to bathe, clothed himself in snowy linen and fresh tennis flannels, and descended again, book under his arm, to saunter forth through heavy tangles of cinnamon-tinted Flemish roses and great sweet-scented peonies, musing on love and fate:

"Kingsbury and his theories! The Countess of Semois will think him crazy. She'll think us both crazy! And I am not sure that we're not; youth is madness; half the world is lunatic! Take me, for example; I never did a more unexpected thing than kissing that shadow across the wall. I don't know why, I don't know how, but I did it; and I am out of jail yet. Certainly it must have been the cook. Oh, Heavens! If cooks kiss that way, what, *what* must the indiscretion of a Countess resemble? . . . She *did* kiss back . . . At least there was a soft, tremulous, perfumed flutter—a hint of delicate counter-pressure——"

But he had arrived at the wall by that time.

"How like a woodland paradise!" he murmured sentimentally, youthful face upraised to the trees. "How sweet the zephyr! How softly sing the dicky-birds! I wonder—I wonder——" But what it was that perplexed him he did not say; he stood eying the top of the wall as the furtive turkey eyes its selected roost before coyly hopping thither.

"What's the use? If I see her I'll only take fright and skulk homeward. Why do I return again and again to the scene of guilt? Is it Countess or cook that draws me, or some one less exalted in the culinary confine? Why, why should love get busy with me? Is this the price I pay for that guileless kiss? Am I to be forever 'it' in love's gay game of tag?"

He ascended the steplike niche in the wall, peeped fearfully over into his neighbor's chasse. Tree and tangle slept in the golden light of afternoon; a cock-pheasant strutted out of a thicket, surveyed the solitude with brilliant eyes, and strutted back again; a baby rabbit frisked across the carrefour into the ferny warren beyond; and "Bubble, bubble, flowed the stream, like an old song through a dream."

Sprawling there flat on top of the sun-warmed stucco wall, white sunlight barring the pages of his book, he lifted his head to listen. There was a leafy stirring somewhere, perhaps the pheasant rustling in the underbrush. The sing-song of the stream threaded the silence; and as he listened it seemed to grow louder, filling the woods with low, harmonious sounds. In the shallows he heard laughter; in the pouring waterfalls, echoes like wind-blown voices calling. Small gray and saffron tinted birds, passing from twig to twig, peered at him fearlessly; a heavy green lizard vanished between the stones with an iridescent wriggle. Suddenly a branch snapped and the underbrush crackled.

"Probably a deer," thought Smith, turning to look. Close inspection of the thicket revealed nothing; he dropped his chin on his hands, crossed his legs, and opened his book.

The book was about one of those Americans who trouble the peace of mind of Princesses; and this was the place to read it, here in the enchanted stillness of the ancient Belgian forest, here where the sunshine spread its net on fretted waters, where lost pools glimmered with azure when the breeze stirred overhead—here where his neighbor was a Countess and some one in her household wore a mass of gold-red hair Greek fashion—and Aphrodite was not whiter of neck nor bluer eyed than she.

The romance that he read was designed to be thickly satisfying to American readers, for it described a typical American so accurately that Smith did not recognize the type. Until he had been enlightened by fiction he never imagined Americans were so attractive to exotic nobility. So he read on, gratified, cloyed, wondering how the Princess, although she happened to be incumbered with a husband, could stand for anything but ultimate surrender to the Stars and Stripes; and trustfully leaving it to the author to see that it was done morally.

Hypnotized by the approaching crisis, he had begun already to finger the next page, when a slight crash in the bushes close by and the swish of parting foliage startled him from romance to reality.

But he had looked up too late; to slink away was impossible; to move was to reveal himself. It was *she!* And she was not ten feet distant.

One thing was certain: whether or not she was the shadowy partner of his kiss, she could not be the Countess, because she was fishing, unattended, hatless, the sleeves of her shirtwaist rolled up above her white elbows, a book and a short landing-net tucked under her left arm. Countesses don't go fishing unattended; gillies carry things. Besides, the Countess of Semois was in Semois-les-Bains selling dolls to Kingsbury.

The sun glowed on her splendid red hair; she switched the slender rod about rather awkwardly, and every time the cast of flies became entangled in a nodding willow she set her

THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL WHOM KINGSBURY HAD DECIDED TO MARRY

red lips tight and with an impatient "*Mais, c'est trop bête! Mais, c'est vraiment trop*——"

It was evident that she had not seen him where he lay on the wall; the chances were she would pass on—indeed her back was already toward him—when the unexpected happened: a trout leaped for a gnat and fell back into the pool with a resounding splash, sending ring on ring of sunny wavelets toward the shore.

"Ah! *Te voilà!*" she said aloud, swinging her line free for a cast.

Smith saw what was coming and tried to dodge, but the silk line whistled on the back-cast, and the next moment his cap was snatched from his head and deposited some twenty feet out in the centre of the pool.

The amazement of the fair angler was equal to his own as she looked hastily back over her shoulder and discovered him on the wall.

There is usually something undignified about a man whose hat has been knocked off; to laugh is as fatal as to show irritation; and Smith did neither, but quietly dropped over on to her side of the wall, saying, "I'm awfully sorry I spoiled your cast. Don't mind the cap; that trout was a big one, and he may rise again."

He had spoken in English, and she answered in very pretty English: "I am so sorry—could I help you to recover your hat?"

"Thank you; if you would let me take your rod a moment."

"Willingly, monsieur."

She handed him the rod; he loosened the line, measured the distance with practiced eye, turned to look behind him, and, seeing there was scant room for a long back-cast, began sending loop after loop of silken line forward across the water, using the Spey method, of which none except an expert is master.

The first cast struck half-way, but in line; the next, still in line, slipped over the cap, but failed to hook. Then, as he recovered, there was a boiling rush in the water, a flash of pink and silver, and the rod staggered.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed aghast; "I have hooked your trout!"

"Play him," she said quickly. The elfin shriek of the reel answered; he gave the fish every ounce the quivering rod could spare, the great trout surged deeply, swerved, circled and bored slowly upstream.

"This fish is magnificent," said Smith guiltily. "You really must take the rod——"

"I shall not, indeed."

"But this is not fair!"

"It is perfectly fair, monsieur—and a wonderful lesson in angling to me. Oh, I beg you to be careful! There is a sunken tree limb beyond!"

Her cheeks were the color of wild roses, her blue eyes burned like stars.

"He's down; I can't stir him," said Smith. "He's down like a salmon!"

She linked her hands behind her back. "What is to be done?" she asked calmly.

"If you would gather a handful of those pebbles and throw one at a time into the pool where he is lying——"

Before he finished speaking she had knelt, filled her palms with golden gravel, and stood ready at the water's edge.

"Now?" she nodded inquiringly.

"Yes, one at a time; try to hit him."

The first pebble produced no effect; neither did the second, nor yet the third.

"Throw a handful at him," he suggested, and braced himself for the result. A spray of gravel fell; the great fish sulked motionless.

"There's a way——" began Smith, feeling in his pockets for his key-ring. It was not there.

"Could I be of any use?" she asked, looking up at Smith very guilelessly.

"Why, if I had something—a key-ring or anything that I could hang over the taut line—something that would slide down and jog him gently——"

"A hairpin?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it's too light."

She reflected a moment; her bent forefinger brushed her velvet lips. Then she began to unfasten a long gold pin at her throat.

"Oh, not that!" exclaimed Smith anxiously. "It might slip off."

"It can't; there's a safety clasp. Anyway, we must have that trout!"

"But I could not permit——"

"It is I who permit myself, monsieur."

"No, no, it is too generous of you——"

"Please!" She held the pin toward him; he shook his head; she hesitated, then with a quick movement she snapped the clasp over the taut line and sent it spinning toward the invisible fish.

He saw the gold glimmer become a spark under water, die out in dusky depths; then came a rushing upheaval of spray, a flash, the rod quivered to the reel-plate, and the fight began in fury. The rod was so slim, so light—scarce three ounces—that he could but stand on the defensive at first. Little by little the struggle became give and take, then imperceptibly he forced the issue, steadily, delicately, for the tackle was gossamer, and he fought for the safety of the golden clasp as well as for his honor as an angler.

"Do you know how to net a trout?" he asked presently. She came and stood at his shoulder, net poised, blue eyes intent upon the circling fish.

"I place it below him, do I not?" she asked coolly.

"Yes—when I give the word——"

One more swerve, a half circle sheering shoreward, nearer, nearer——

"Now?"

A moment later the huge trout lay on the moss; iridescent tints played over its broad surface, shimmering hues deepened, waxing, waning; the spots glowed like rubies set in bronze.

Kneeling there, left hand resting on the rod, Smith looked up at her over his shoulder; but all she said was: "Ah, the poor, brave thing! The gallant fish! This is wrong—all wrong. I wish we had not taken a life we cannot give again."

"Shall I put the trout back, madame?"

She looked at him surprised.

"Would you?" she asked incredulously.

"If you desire it."

"But it is your fish."

"It is yours, madame."

"Will it live? Oh, try to make it live!"

He lifted the beautiful fish in both hands, and, walking to the water's edge, laid it in the stream. For a while it floated there, gold and silver belly turned to the sky, gills slowly

inflating and collapsing. Presently a fin stirred; the spasmodic movement of the gill-covers ceased, and the breathing grew quiet and steady. Smith touched the pectoral fins; the fish strove to turn over; he steadied the dorsal fin, then the caudal, righting the fish. Slowly, very slowly, the great trout moved off, farther, farther, sinking into cool, refreshing depths; there was a dull glitter under the water, a shadow gliding, then nothing except the green obscurity of the pool criss-crossed with surface sunshine.

When Smith turned around the girl was pensively regarding the water. His cap had stranded on a shoal almost at his feet; he recovered it, wrung the drops from it, and stood twirling it thoughtfully in the sunlight.

"I've ruined it, haven't I?" she asked.

"Oh, no; it's a shooting-cap. Like Tartarin, I shall probably ventilate it later in true Midi fashion."

She laughed; then, with the flushed composure of uneasiness: "Thank you for a lesson in angling. I have learned a great deal—enough at least to know that I shall not care to destroy life, even in a fish."

"That is as it should be," he replied coolly. "Men find little charm in women who kill."

"That is scarcely in accord with the English novels I read—and I read many," she said, laughing.

"It is true, nevertheless. Saint Hubert save us from the woman who can watch the spark of life fade out in the eye of any living thing."

"Are you not a little eccentric, monsieur?"

"If you say so. Eccentricity is the full-blown blossom of mediocrity."

There was a silence so politely indifferent on her part that he felt it to be the signal for his dismissal. And he took his leave with a formality so attractive, and a good humor so informal, that before she meant to she had spoken again—a phrase politely meaningless in itself, yet—if he chose to take it so—acting as a stay of execution.

"I was wondering," he said amiably, "how I was going to climb back over the wall."

A sudden caprice tinged with malice dawned in the most guileless of smiles as she raised her eyes to his:

"You forgot your ladder this time, didn't you?"

Would he ever stop getting redder? His ears were afire, and felt enormous.

"I am afraid you misunderstand me," she said, and her smile became pitilessly sweet. "I am quite sure a distinguished foreign angler could scarcely condescend to notice trespass signs in a half-ruined old park——"

His crimson distress softened her, perhaps, for she hesitated, then added impulsively: "I did not mean it, monsieur; I have gone too far——"

"No, you have not gone too far," he said. "I've disgraced myself and deserve no mercy."

"You are mistaken; the trout may have come from your side of the wall——"

"It did, but that is a miserable excuse. Nothing can palliate my conduct. It's a curious thing," he added bitterly, "that a fellow who is decent enough at home immediately begins to do things in Europe."

"What things, monsieur?"

"Ill-bred things; I might as well say it. Theoretically, poaching is romantic; practically, it's a misdemeanor—the old conflict between realism and romance, madame—as typified by a book I am at present reading—a copy of the same book which I notice you are now carrying under your arm."

She glanced at him, curious, irresolute, waiting for him to continue. And as he did not, but stood moodily twirling his cap like a sulky schoolboy, she leaned back against a tree, saying: "You are very severe on romance, monsieur."

"You are very lenient with reality, madame."

"How do you know? I may be far more angry with you than you suspect. Indeed, every time I have seen you on the wall——" she hesitated, paling a trifle. She had made a mistake, unless he was more stupid than she dared hope.

"But until this morning I had done nothing to anger you?" he said, looking up sharply. Her features wore the indifference of perfect repose; his latent alarm subsided. She had made no mistake in his stupidity.

And now, perfectly conscious of the irregularity of the proceedings, perhaps a trifle exhilarated by it, she permitted curiosity to stir behind the curtain, ready for the proper cue.

"Of course," he said coloring, "I know you perfectly well by sight——"

"And I you, monsieur—perfectly well. One notices strangers, particularly when reading so frequently about them in romance. This book"—she opened it leisurely and examined an illustration—"appears to describe the American quite perfectly. So, having read so much about Americans, I was a trifle curious to see one."

He did not know what to say; her youthful face was so innocent that suspicion subsided.

"That American you are reading about is merely a phantom of romance," he said honestly. "His type, if he ever did exist, would become such a public nuisance in Europe that the police would take charge of him—after a few kings and dukes had finished thrashing him."

"I do not believe you," she said, with a hint of surprise and defiance. "Besides, if it were true, what sense is there in destroying the pleasure of illusion? Romance is at least amusing; reality alone is a sorry scarecrow clothed in the faded rags of dreams. Do you think you do well to destroy the tinted film of romance through which every woman ever born gazes at man—and pardons him because the rainbow dims her vision?"

She leaned back against the silver birch once more and laid her white hand flat on the open pages of the book:

"Monsieur, if life were truly like this, fewer tears would fall from women's eyes—eyes which man, in his wisdom, takes pains to clear—to his own destruction!"

She struck the book a light blow, smiling up at him:

"Here in these pages are spring and youth eternal—blue skies and roses, love and love and love unending, and once more love, and the world's young heart afire! Close the book and what remains?" She closed the covers very gently. "What remains?" she asked, raising her blue eyes to him.

"You remain, madame."

She flushed with displeasure.

"And yet," he said, smiling, "if the hero of that book replied as I have you would have smiled. That is the false

(Continued on Page 20)

# Wall Street and Its Wardens

## How the Captains of Finance Bear the Ordeal of Riches

## By Alfred Henry Lewis

THERE is an inherent interest in money and those who possess it. Money means freedom, power; and a race which for the most part sits chained to the oar of controlling circumstances, as might any other galley slave, will therefore let its eyes, that is to say, its imagination, rove moneyward with every opportunity.

The money-making faculty does not mean any peculiar mental lucidity or strength, and is rather an instinct than anything else. A field-mouse will have his granary like any farmer, and those stores he lays up each autumn would feed forty field-mice through forty deepest snows. On the other hand, a fox lays up nothing; he seeks his beef from day to day, living paw to mouth.

Speaking of a money-instinct recalls me to a time when I saw it serve most excellently for legislation. It was during Mr. Cleveland's last term, and Secretary Carlisle, Speaker Crisp and Mr. Springer, the latter chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, had prepared a bill meant to revise in wholesale fashion the banking system of the country. It was a beautiful bill when these three well-meaning and experienced architects completed it. The compilation seemed perfect as a measure of finance, and went into the House with a tremendous beat of drums.

### Tom Johnson's Nose for Money

REPRESENTATIVE Tom Johnson, of Ohio, was a member of the Banking and Currency Committee. Mr. Johnson is a congenital money-maker, born to build up millions as beavers are born to build up dams. He read the bill—which was a long one.

In each of a dozen sections, through the native money-ignorance of that trio who had built the bill, there lurked an unintentional possibility of yellow millions in favor of what shrewd ones might take future advantage thereof. Whenever Mr. Johnson struck one of these hidden golden possibilities his faculties would come to a halt as unerringly as a setter stiffens to a "point" at the grouse concealed in the brushwood.

The moment Mr. Johnson made a "point" the better intelligence of Mr. Carlisle or Mr. Crisp was able instantly to discover the just accuracy of his instinct. They could see then what he had only scented; but they would never have found it of themselves, wanting his cleverness of money-nose. To finish the story, Mr. Johnson smelled out so many chances of pillage in the bill that those who had fashioned it threw it down in alarm.

It is perhaps natural, albeit none the less regrettable, that scanty justice is done a man, whether in his reputation while living or his memory when dead, once he be able to write himself "millionaire." Mr. Sage, however, is none of these. He is chiefly famed for a stubborn frugality, and his celebration in that parsimonious behalf is by no means outside his merits. Withal, there goes with that bent for saving grouts and farthings a simplicity which borders the ingenuous, and teaches one to think of Mr. Sage as prudent rather than stingy, and to call him an economist instead of a miser.

And Mr. Sage can feel poor, and that sense of poverty is genuinely pinching and bitter. Once, when a beggarman held out his clawlike hand, Mr. Sage paused to reproach him and almost invite his sympathy:

"For," complained Mr. Sage to the beggarman, as he refused him largess, "I've done nothing but lose money for over a month. I've had four millions lying idle for full thirty days, and never a dollar of it to win for me a splinter of interest." Then, as lighting a taper of hope for the comfort of that beggarman: "Wait until I begin to make money again, and I may give you something."

Mr. Sage, ever cautious, always sure, is not a mariner of finance, but a beach-comber. It is the storms that bring him his profits; the hurricanes that furnish his harvests. When finance blows a gale and others founder Mr. Sage puts on his oilskins and walks the shore, waiting for what the waves cast up. In this way he is rich without risk; and men credit him with possessing more ready money, marking the sum as high as $80,000,000, than any one who ever lived.

It is the boast of Mr. Sage that he has no vices, and that his daily expenditures between breakfast and tea are within the narrow walls of forty cents. The one luxury he permits himself is apples, and his daily bickers with the lady who sits on the curb and sells that fruit, in efforts to beat down her prices, are Wall Street tradition.

When at home Mr. Sage plays with his cats that climb purringly about his knees and shoulders, and lays plans for reaping money on the morrow. He never goes to the theatre, never, indeed, goes anywhere when off duty save to bed; and as Mrs. Sage sets her face as flint against tobacco, his excuse for not liking cigars is not only perfect but worthy praise. He never asks a favor, and passes a blameless existence compounded in equal parts of interests and dividends, coupons and cats.

Jay Gould, who was born in 1836 and would not be over-old were he living now, died in 1892 at the age of fifty-six. George Gould, who was thereafter raised somewhat at the knee of Uncle Sage, in no wise resembles that relative. It is not to be supposed that he throws money away: few millionaires do; and this self-restraint, where parting with dollars is concerned, makes the big reason of their being millionaires. For all that, Mr. Gould lives widely, wisely, richly, and as reasonably becomes one of almost limitless resources. No shadow of parsimony falls across his method of existence; be it a yacht or a palace or a polo pony, what he wants he gets.

Mr. Gould's great concern is his children; and he is so much like President Roosevelt that he makes their sports his own. He plays polo, not bridge whist; lives at home, not at a club; and whenever one hears of him out of his office he is in the company of his children, his interest for the moment running parallel with theirs.

### Mrs. Gould as a Mother

LEAVING men for women—I had almost said the useful for the beautiful—it is refreshing, in a day when ladies hire nurses for their children while they cherish a lapdog, to consider Mrs. Gould. She looks after her children with the affectionate assiduity of the most poverty-wrung mother between the oceans. In Cæsar's day the conqueror was discouraged by a Grecian lady, who employed her hands and lap and lips in caressing a blinking poodle.

"Are there no children in Greece?" said Cæsar.

The great Roman would never have put the question to Mrs. Gould.

Eight years ago, having business occasion for it, I was much in the company of Mr. Gould for something like a week. We were in and out of his offices in the Western Union Building.

It was a pet theory with me that the most terrific test to which a young man can be put is riches without stint. Poverty one will support; poverty is tonic, healthful, stimulating, and builds one up, while vast money is the very seed of destruction, and with most boys to give them gold is to give them poison. Wherefore I studied Mr. Gould with

curious narrowness to see how he had withstood that avalanche of dollars which came when he was green and sappy twenty-one.

My survey went all for his good. He was sober and hard at work, and with no air of bumptiousness. In getting to his private office the road led through other offices where scores of men were employed. His coming in no wise disconcerted these men. Those who were smoking smoked; those who spoke to him spoke without anxiety. Plainly, one might tell that no least streak of tyranny abode in Mr. Gould. I have known many men of millions, but no one who for courtesy, frankness, lack of vanity, and a seeming willingness to live and let live, exceeded Mr. Gould. Also, I was struck by the fact that he favored an income tax—he may have changed his mind since.

One matter that would have looked like affectation in any other did not, for some reason, impress me so in him. His politeness was of such feather-edge sort that you could not be so near a door, nor he so far from it, but what, when you arose to go, he would be there to throw it open. I have never had occasion to speak ten words to Mr. Gould since that time, for his ways are not my ways, nor do we reap the same fields; and yet that pleasant impression he furnished has lived on free and fresh. I recall that he spoke with regret of the sale of the World by his father, and wished, in a general way, they had kept it. Possibly this intimated itch for ink and a liking for types had to do in invoking my sympathies. Types soften, and there is much that is humanizing in ink; and I have often thought how the former ownership of a great paper by the Goulds may have gone somewhat toward moulding the present head of that family to the form and feature I have described.

### From Golf to Book-Making

SPEAKING of ink and types—wise men know that a woman can do anything with a man that potters do with clay. The French police are so well aware of this where evil is involved that their word is: "Look for the woman." The converse, too, is true, and when a man does good and you would know the source of it, "Look for the woman." I cannot avoid the feeling that a deal of the moderation and good repute for a tolerant common-sense which rumor gives to Mr. Clarence Mackay is bred of what influence is exerted by a wife with a genius for literature, who writes as well as though she wrote for bread and butter. Just as I exult over Mrs. Gould with her babies, so also does it nourish my optimism—which has little to feed on in considering our very rich—when Mrs. Mackay turns from golf, and paper-chases, and single-stickers, and automobiles, and scandals, and what other savage—if silken—idlenesses a perfect unrestraint, plus a profound bank account, provides for the doing or undoing of our folk of millions, to write not only a book, but a best book; and those who have sweat through a book's construction will echo my admiration. However, we are drifting to leeward of Wall Street, which was to be the theatre of this survey.

Just before my pencil ran aground on Mr. Sage I was saying that most men to whom millions come, once they pass the million limit, are given credit and discredit for words they never utter, deeds they never do, and characteristics farthest from their natures. Public impression concerning them starts off on this foot or on that one; and once started it is not to be halted or taught a different course. What stories are told, and what cartoons are drawn, of Mr. Gates, for instance, would convey the thought of a jubilating gambler, replete of vulgarity and luck, with whom no one may talk ten minutes but what he'll clink him down for a wager, and whose sole argument, whether of politics, commerce or religion, is "I'll betcher a million dollars."

To tell the subjugated, not to say the subdued, truth of Mr. Gates, there is nothing in what he says or does or looks on which to fatten these theories. To the casual eye and ear he appears a friendly fashion of personage, not of robust health, with a weakness to sell stocks and buy stocks: a weakness so wideflung that a world has not only been driven to consent thereunto, but even list it as a commercial virtue, the latter, doubtless, in self-defense.

### The Trouble with Mr. Gates

NOW I should say—as a looker-on in the Vienna of Wall Street—that the trouble with Mr. Gates, which has gained him New York coinage as violent and noisy, is twofold. He comes from Chicago—a serious offense in Knickerbocker eyes; and he has beaten the local talent at its own, its favorite, game.

The true New Yorker is nothing if not provincial, and his caste-mark is a densest ignorance of whatever lies west of the Hudson. He is proud of this ignorance and fosters it, and to know of anything, admit of anything, beyond the little, foolish frontiers of his island would shame him as though he were an Englishman. Mr. Gates had advantage of this ignorance—so proudly the heritage of your New Yorker, that it is placed above patriotism in his list of civic virtues! It was in that Louisville-Nashville affair, wherein Mr. Gates conquered Mr. Belmont.

Mr. Gates could not have borrowed a million dollars in New York without Mr. Belmont being instantly aware of it. But Mr. Belmont's wits are bounded on the west by the Hudson. Mr. Gates borrowed millions in Chicago, and Mr. Belmont knew it not; he planted a battery of big guns within point-blank range of Mr. Belmont's control of the Louisville-Nashville, and Mr. Belmont slept on. Then Mr. Gates blew Mr. Belmont off the Louisville-Nashville map; and it grieved Mr. Belmont, as it grieves a peacock to lose its tail. Not but what one might sympathize with a de-tailed peacock; for, when one stops to consider, one sees that, once a peacock's tail has been subtracted, there isn't much of the peacock left. It was his Chicago origin, followed by such proofs of his stock superiority as that Belmont blotting-out, which set the local derision mills to grinding against Mr. Gates.

Another man of millions whom you would never know by what descriptions the papers have printed of his comings in and goings out is Mr. Schwab, of Bethlehem Steel.

Every American knows he can do two things without either instruction or apprenticeship: edit a paper and run a farm, and these by the mere matter of his birth. Many of my countrymen have bankrupted themselves in profitless attempts to turn an editorial furrow or edit, hoe in hand, the weeds from a field of corn. But the American millionaire goes a longish step beyond; he does not limit the born sweep of his genius to one poor pair of trades.

Thus it was with Mr. Schwab. He could make the best steel in the world; and he knew little or nothing about a stock company. But, taught by his ownership of millions that all things were easy to his brain and fingers, the shoemaker forsook his last of steel and went to smash on shipyards. The Shipbuilding Trust scandal had its roots rather in ignorance than in iniquity; and Mr. Schwab can say that for every dollar he took out he first put a dollar in.

There are narrow folk who deem it fashionable—which, with some, is a synonym for righteous—to speak otherwise than complimentary of Mr. Schwab. I have never seen him nearer than a fourth table away in Delmonico's. Still, I have talked with honest folk who know him, and I've read the shipbuilding stories—told generally by the opposition—in the public press, and I am driven to regard him as an honest, generous, best-intentioned man, who was betrayed into a false position and got into trouble blindfold in the most natural way. Also, every one who lost a shipbuilding dollar by the word of Mr. Schwab was paid—by Mr. Schwab—that dollar back; which does not look like the work of a buccaneer. Mr. Schwab, in truth, has repute for an honesty that is romantic. With him, integrity is a mania, and he must keep his honor stainless like a knight of old. This has carried him in the Ship Trust to the point of paying out each man who put in his money after he, Mr. Schwab, was connected with the Trust, lest they were misled into the investment by the lure of his name. This tenderness has cost Mr. Schwab over seven millions—money paid by him in the Ship Trust that he didn't owe. The annals of commerce do not show an honor more sensitive, an honesty more Quixotic.

Mr. Carnegie held himself in wiser hand than Mr. Schwab. He never attempted any commercial deed but steel. When he got enough—and a little more, perhaps—he quit, and went to building libraries. There are those who scoff at the Carnegie libraries; but, laying aside that the upbuilding of these arsenals of learning pays what stone and iron and plaster and paint and lumber artisans are employed thereon the current wage, it does not become me who writes books to jeer at him who provides shelves for them, and I for one shall hold my peace. I shall go further: I should be blithe to have Mr. Carnegie toss up one of his book-houses at every crossroads in the country.

Think what a national difference there is between a Carnegie and a Sage. Putting aside the question of a personalty tax—for while Mr. Sage pays on a valuation of $400,000, I have no knowledge touching Mr. Carnegie's exploits in that regard—consider what revenues and benefits the public derives from them.

Not a splinter of revenue tax pays Mr. Sage, since he neither smokes tobacco nor drinks rum. And as for tariff, the national chance may be estimated when one remembers that $1000 will cover his table and his back for any given year. Mr. Carnegie, to oppose this, is, personally, what is called in cheerful circles a "spender." Besides, Mr. Carnegie keeps brigades of mechanical folk at work in the building of those libraries; whereas the only ones who work for Mr. Sage are those who work to pay him interest. The Rockefellers are off the same frugal bolt of cloth with Mr. Sage, and men do say that a gold-piece gets well polished in the Rockefeller pocket—a kind of finishing school for gold-pieces is that pocket—before it comes forth on its rambles again.

### Spending and Saving

THE world for ages, through its copybooks and other avenues of moral as well as commercial instruction, has advised its youth to save and save and save money, as though niggardliness were at the top of all the virtues. I cannot think, as I consider Wall Street, that to squander is to fail, or that saving spells success. Mr. Sage saves, Mr. Rockefeller (old and young) saves, and there should end the prudent roster.

For the other side, Mr. Schwab gives right and left; Mr. Morgan builds hospitals, churches, and parts with giant money in the name of charity; Mr. Carnegie piles library on library until they touch the sky, and the bills for that piling run into nine figures; Mr. Keene has a list of pensioners—folk who did him favors small or great—that is longer than the Fleischmann bread-line; while the late Mr. Whitney would sooner sign a check than get one. And these gentlemen live rich; and when they die—as Mr. Whitney died—their unabated estates out-top the thirty-million figure.

Mr. Lawson, he of Frenzied Finance, is another who delights in giving, particularly if the giving have a fantastic or fairy-tale effect. Mr. Lawson was returning from Louisville. At some way station the train was detained, and the active Mr. Lawson got off to stretch his legs. He fell foul of a smudgy urchin.

"Where do you live, little man?" asked Mr. Lawson.

"Live there," returned the smudgy one, pointing to a near-by shanty where a woman was mowing and bowing above a washtub.

"What does your father do?"

"He don't do nothin'; he's dead."

"Is that your mother washing?"

*(Concluded on Page 23)*

# A DIARY FROM DIXIE

## By Mary Boykin Chesnut

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, May 28, 1861.—Johnny, my husband's nephew, has gone as a private in Gregg's regiment. He could not stand it at home any longer. Mr. Chesnut was willing for him to go, because those sandhill men said "this was a rich man's war," and the rich men would be the officers and have an easy time and the poor ones would be privates. So he said, "Let the gentlemen set the example; let them go in the ranks." So John Chesnut is a gentleman private. He took his servant with him all the same.

Johnny reproved me for saying, "If I were a man I would not sit here and dole and drink and drivel and forget the fight going on in Virginia." He said it was my duty not to talk so rashly and make enemies. He "had the money in his pocket to raise a company last fall, but it has slipped through his fingers, and now he is a common soldier." "You wasted it or spent it foolishly," said I. "I do not know where it has gone," said he. "There was too much consulting over me, too much good counsel was given to me, and everybody gave me different advice." "Don't you ever know your own mind?" "We shall do very well in the ranks; men and officers all alike; we know everybody," etc.

So I repeated Mrs. Lowndes' solemn words when she heard that South Carolina had seceded alone: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Don't know exactly what I meant, but thought I must be impressive as he was going away. Saw him off at the train. Forgot to say anything there, but cried my eyes out.

MISS ISABELLA D. MARTIN
OWNER OF THE DIARY

JUNE 4.—Mrs. Davis adores Mrs. Emory. No wonder I fell in love with her myself. I heard of her before I saw her in this wise. Little Banks told me the story. She was dancing at a ball when some bad accident maker for the Evening News rushed up and informed her that Major Emory had been massacred by ten Indians somewhere out West. She coolly answered him that she had later intelligence; it was not so. Turning a deaf ear then, she went on dancing. Next night the same officious fool met her with this congratulation: "Oh, Mrs. Emory, it was all a hoax. The Major is alive." She cried: "You are always running about with your bad news," and turned her back on him; or, I think it was, "You delight in spiteful stories," or, "You are a harbinger of evil." Banks is a newspaper man and knows how to arrange an anecdote for effect.

JUNE 10.—Have been looking at Mrs. O'Dowd as she burnished the "Meejor's arrms" before Waterloo. And I have been busy, too. My husband has gone to join Beauregard, somewhere beyond Richmond. I feel blue-black with melancholy. But I hope to be in Richmond before long myself. That is some comfort.

The war is making us all tenderly sentimental. No casualties yet, no real mourning, nobody hurt. So it is all parade, fife and fine feathers. Posing we are *en grande tenue*. There is no imagination here to forestall woe.

JUNE 19.—Mr. Chesnut is accused of firing the first shot, and his cousin, an ex-West Pointer, writes in a martial fury. They confounded the best shot made on the Island the day of the picnic with the first shot at Fort Sumter. This last is claimed by Captain James. Others say it was one of the Gibbeses who first fired. But it was Anderson who fired the train which blew up the Union. He slipped into Fort Sumter that night, when we expected to talk it all over.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, June 27.—Trescott was telling us how they laughed at little South Carolina in Washington. People said it was almost as large as Long Island, which is hardly more than a tailfeather of New York. Always there is a child who sulks and won't play; that was our rôle. And we were posing as San Marino; and all model-spirited, though small, republics pose.

He tells us that Lincoln is a humorist. Lincoln sees the fun of things; he thinks if they had left us in a corner or out in the cold a while pouting, with our fingers in our mouth, by hook or by crook he could have got us back; but Anderson spoiled all.

In Mrs. Davis' drawing-room last night the President took a seat by me on the sofa where I sat. He talked for nearly an hour. He laughed at our faith in our own powers. We are like the British. We think every Southerner equal to three Yankees, at least. We will have to be equivalent to a dozen now. After his experience of the fighting qualities of Southerners in Mexico, he believes that we will do all that can be done by pluck and muscle, endurance, and dogged courage, dash and red-hot patriotism, etc. And yet his tone was not sanguine. There was a sad refrain running through it all. For one thing, either way, he thinks it will be a long war. That floored me at once. It has been too long for me already. Then he said before the end came we would have many a bitter experience. He said only fools doubted the courage of the Yankees, or their willingness to fight when they saw fit. And now that we have stung their pride we have roused them till they fight like devils.

Mr. Lamar, who does not love slavery more than Sumner does, nor than I do, laughs at the compliment New England pays us. We want to separate from them; to be rid of the Yankees forever at any price. And they hate us so, and would clasp us, or grapple us, as Polonius has it, to their bosoms "with hoops of steel." We are an unwilling bride. I think incompatibility of temper began when it was made plain to us that we got all the opprobrium of slavery and they all the money there was in it with their tariff.

Mr. Lamar says the young men are light-hearted because there is a fight on hand, but those few who look ahead, the clear heads, they see all the risk, the loss of land, limb and life, home, wife and children. As in "the brave days of old," they take to it for their country's sake.

JUNE 28.—Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Wigfall, Mary Hammy and I drove in a fine open carriage to see the Champ de Mars. It was a grand tableau out there. Mr. Davis rode a beautiful gray horse, the Arab Edwin de Lion brought him from Egypt. His worst enemy will allow that he is a consummate rider, graceful and easy in the saddle, and Mr. Chesnut, who has talked horse with his father ever since he was born, owns that Mr. Davis knows more about horses than any man he has met yet. General Lee was there with him; also Joe Davis and Wigfall acting as his aides.

Poor Mr. Lamar has been brought from his camp—paralysis, or some sort of shock. Every woman in the house is ready to rush into the Florence Nightingale business. I think I will wait for a wounded man, to make my first effort as sister of charity. Mr. Lamar sent for me. As everybody went, Mr. Davis setting the example, so did I. Lamar will not die this time. Until their eyes close in death, will men flatter and make eyes at the ministering angels? He was the same old Lamar of the drawing-room.

JUNE 29.—As I was brushing flies away and fanning the prostrate Lamar to-day he said: "The fight had to come. We are men, not women. The quarrel had lasted long enough. We hate each other so, the fight had to come. Even Homer's heroes, after they had stormed and scolded enough, fought like brave men, long and well. If the athlete, Sumner, had stood on his manhood and training, and struck back when Preston Brooks assailed him, Preston Brooks' blow need not have been the opening skirmish of the war. Sumner's country took up the fight because he did not. Sumner chose his own battlefield, and it was the worse for us. What an awful blunder that Preston Brooks business was!" Lamar said Yankees did not fight for the fun of it; they always made it pay or let it alone.

Slavery has to go, of course, and joy go with it. These Yankees may kill us and lay waste our land for a while, but conquer us—never!

JULY 13.—We are always picking up some good thing of the rough Illinoisan's saying. Lincoln objects to some man—"Oh, he is too *interruptious*." That is a horrid style of man or woman, the interruptious. I know the thing, but had no name for it before.

Just now I happened to look up and saw Mr. Chesnut with a smile on his face watching me from the passageway. I flew across the room, and as I got half-way saw Mrs. Davis touch him on the shoulder. She said he was to go at once into Mr. Davis' room, where General Lee and General Cooper were. After he left us Mrs. Davis told me General Beauregard had sent Mr. Chesnut here on some army business.

JULY 14.—Mr. Chesnut remained closeted with the President and General Lee all the afternoon. The news does not seem

---

**Editor's Note—This is the second installment of these extracts from the War Journal of Mrs. Chesnut, whose husband, a former Senator from South Carolina, was later an aide to Jefferson Davis, and prominent in the Confederacy. The third installment will be published in an early number.**

pleasant. At least, he is not inclined to tell me any of it. He satisfied himself with telling me how sensible and soldierly this handsome General Lee is. General Lee's military sagacity was also his theme. Of course the President dominated the party, as well by his weight of brain as by his position. I did not care a fig for a description of the war council. I wanted to know what is in the wind now.

JULY 22.—Mrs. Davis came in so softly that I did not know she was here until she leaned over me and said: "A great battle has been fought." (This was the first battle of Bull Run.) "Joe Johnston led the right wing, and Beauregard the left wing of the army. Your husband is all right. Wade Hampton is wounded. Colonel Johnston, of the Legion, killed; so are Colonel Bee and Colonel Bartow. Kirby Smith is wounded or killed."

I had no breath to speak; she went on in that desperate, calm way to which people betake themselves under the greatest excitement: "Bartow, rallying his men, leading them into the hottest of the fight, died gallantly at the head of his regiment. The President telegraphs me only that 'it is a great victory.' General Cooper has all the other telegrams."

Still I said nothing; I was stunned; then I was so grateful. Those nearest and dearest to me were safe still. She then began, in the same concentrated voice, to read from a paper she held in her hand: "Dead and dying cover the field. Sherman's battery taken. Lynchburg regiment cut to pieces. Three hundred of the Legion wounded."

That got me up. Times were too wild with excitement to stay in bed. We went into Mrs. Preston's room, and she made me lie down on her bed. Men, women and children streamed in. Every living soul had a story to tell. "Complete victory," you heard everywhere. We had been such anxious wretches.

JULY 24.—This is how I saw Robert E. Lee for the first time; though his family, then living at Arlington, called to see me while I was in Washington (I thought because of old Colonel Chesnut's intimacy with Nelly Custis in the old Philadelphia days, Mrs. Lee being Nelly Custis' niece), I had not known the head of the Lee family. He was somewhere with the army then.

Last summer, at the White Sulphur, were Roony Lee and his wife, that sweet little Charlotte Wickam, and I spoke of Roony with great praise. Mrs. Izard said: "Don't waste your admiration on him; wait till you see his father. He is the nearest to a perfect man I ever saw." "How?" "In every way—handsome, clever, agreeable, high-bred, etc."

Now, Mrs. Stanard came for Mrs. Preston and me to drive to the camp in an open carriage. A man riding a beautiful horse joined us. He wore a hat with something of a military look to it, sat his horse gracefully, and was so distinguished at all points that I very much regretted not catching his name as Mrs. Stanard gave it to us. He, however, heard ours, and bowed as gracefully as he rode, and the few remarks he made to each of us showed he knew all about us.

But Mrs. Stanard was in ecstasies of pleasurable excitement. I felt that she had bagged a big fish, for just then they abounded in Richmond. Mrs. Stanard accused him of being ambitious, etc. He remonstrated and said his tastes were "of the simplest." He only wanted "a Virginia farm, no end of cream and fresh butter and fried chicken—not one fried chicken, or two, but unlimited fried chicken."

To all this light chat did we seriously incline, because the man and horse and everything about him were so fine-looking; perfection, in fact; no fault to be found if you hunted for it. As he left us I said eagerly, "Who is he?" "You did not know! Why, it was Robert E. Lee, son of Light Horse Harry Lee, the first man in Virginia," raising her voice as she enumerated his glories. All the same, I like Smith Lee better, and I like his looks, too. I know Smith Lee well. Can anybody say they know his brother? I doubt it. He looks so cold, quiet and grand.

AUGUST 23.—I asked Mr. Brewster if it were true Senator Toombs had turned brigadier. "Yes, soldiering is in the air. Every one will have a touch of it. Toombs could not stay in the Cabinet." "Why?" "Incompatibility of temper. He rides too high a horse—that is, for so despotic a person as Jeff Davis. I have tried to find out the sore, but I can't. Mr. Toombs has been out with them all for months." Dissension will break out. Everything does, but it takes a little time. There is a perfect magazine of discord and discontent in that Cabinet; only wants a hand to apply the torch, and up they go. Toombs says old Memminger has his back up as high as any.

Oh, such a day! Since I wrote this morning I have been with Mrs. Randolph to all the hospitals. I can never again shut out of view the sights I saw there of human misery. I sit thinking, shut my eyes, and see it all; thinking, yes, and there is enough to think about now, God knows. Gilland's was the worst, with long rows of ill men on cots, ill of typhoid fever, of every human ailment; dinner-tables for eating and drinking, wounds being dressed; all the horrors to be taken in at one glance.

Then we went to the St. Charles. Horrors upon horrors again; want of organization, long rows of dead and dying;

COL. JAMES CHESNUT, SR., THE "OLD COLONEL" OF THIS DIARY, AND FATHER OF GEN. JAMES CHESNUT

awful sights. A boy from home had sent for me. He was dying in a cot, ill of fever. Next him a man died in convulsions as we stood there. I was making arrangements with a nurse, hiring him to take care of this lad; but I do not remember any more, for I fainted. Next that I knew of, the doctor and Mrs. Randolph were having me, a limp rag, put into a carriage at the door of the hospital. Fresh air, I dare say, brought me to. As we drove home we brought the doctor with us, I was so upset.

AUGUST 25.—Mr. Barnwell's new joke, I dare say, is a Joe Miller, but Mr. Barnwell laughed in telling it till he cried. A man was fined for contempt of court, and then, his case coming on, the Judge talked such arrant nonsense, and was so warped in his mind against the poor man, that the "fined one" walked up and handed the august Judge a five-dollar bill. "Why? What is that for?" said the Judge. "Oh, I feel such a contempt of this court coming on again."

"Why do you write in your diary at all," some one said to me, "if, as you say, you have to contradict every day what you wrote yesterday?" "Because I tell the tale as it is told to me. I write current rumor. I do not vouch for anything."

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, March 10, 1862.—Second year of Confederate independence. I write daily for my own distraction. These *mémoires pour servir* may at some future day afford dates and facts, and prove useful to more important people than I am. I do not wish to do any harm or to hurt any one. If any scandalous stories creep in they can easily be burned. It is hard, in such a hurry as things are now, to separate the wheat from the chaff. Now that I have made my protest and written down my wishes I can scribble on with a free will and free conscience.

SALLY C. ("BUCK") PRESTON

Congress at the North is down on us. They talk largely of hanging slave-owners. They say they held Port Royal, as we did when we took it originally from the aborigines, who fled before us; so we are to be exterminated and improved, à l'Indienne, from the face of the earth.

Medea, when asked: "Country, wealth, husband, children, all are gone; and now what remains?" answered: "Medea remains." "There is a time in most men's lives when they resemble Job, sitting among the ashes and drinking in the full bitterness of complicated misfortune."

MARCH 11.—A freshman came quite eager to be instructed in all the wiles of society. He wanted to try his hand at a flirtation, and requested minute instructions, as he knew nothing whatever: he was so very fresh. "Dance with her," he was told, "and talk with her; walk with her and flatter her; dance until she is warm and tired; then propose to walk in a cool, shady piazza. It must be a somewhat dark piazza. Begin your promenade slowly; warm up to your work; draw her arm closer and closer; then break her wing."

"Heavens, what is that—break her wing?" "Why, you do not know even that? Put your arm round her waist and kiss her. After that it is all plain sailing. She comes down when you call like the coon to Captain Scott: 'You need not fire, Captain,' etc."

The aspirant for fame as a flirt followed these lucid directions literally, but when he seized the poor girl and kissed her she uplifted her voice in terror, and screamed as if the house were on fire. So quick, sharp and shrill were her yells for help that the bold flirt sprang over the banister, upon which grew a strong climbing rose. This he struggled through, and ran toward the college, taking a bee line. He was so mangled by the thorns that he had to go home and have them picked out by his family. The girl's brother challenged him. There was no mortal combat, however, for the gay young fellow who led the freshman's ignorance astray stepped forward and put things straight. An explanation and an apology at every turn hushed it all up.

Now we all laughed at this foolish story most heartily. But Mr. Venable remained grave and preoccupied, and was asked: "Why are you so unmoved? It is funny." "I like more probable fun; I have been in college and I have kissed many a girl, but never a one scrome yet."

Cotton is five cents a pound and labor of no value at all; it commands no price whatever. People gladly hire out their negroes to have them fed and clothed, which latter cannot be done. Cotton osnaburg at thirty-seven and one-half cents a yard leaves no chance to clothe them. Langdon was for martial law and making the bloodsuckers disgorge their ill-gotten gains. We poor fools who are patriotically ruining ourselves will see our children in the gutter while treacherous dogs of millionaires go rolling by in their coaches—coaches that were acquired by taking advantage of our necessities.

This terrible battle of the ships—Monitor, Merrimac, etc. All hands on board the Cumberland went down. She fought gallantly and fired a round as she sank. The Congress ran up a white flag. She fired on our boats as they went up to take off her wounded. She was burned. The worst of it is that all this will arouse them to more furious exertions to destroy us. They hated us before, but how now?

In Columbia I do not know half a dozen men who would not gayly step into Jeff Davis' shoes with a firm conviction that they would do better in every respect than he does. The monstrous conceit, the fatuous ignorance of these critics!

MARCH 13.—Professor Joseph LeConte [the geologist, who died in 1901] is an able auxiliary. He has undertaken to supervise and carry on the powder-making enterprise—the very first attempted in the Confederacy, and Mr. Chesnut is proud of it. It is a brilliant success, thanks to Dr. LeConte.

MARCH 18.—To-day as I entered Mary Stark's I whispered: "He has promised to vote for Louis." What radiant faces! To my friend, Miss Mary said, "Your son-in-law, what is he doing for his country?" "He is a tax collector." Then spoke up the stout old girl: "Look at my cheek; it is red with blushing for you. A great, hale, hearty young man! Fie on him! fie on him! for shame! Tell his wife; run him out of the house with a broomstick; send him down to the coast at least." Fancy my cheeks. I could not raise my eyes to the poor lady, so mercilessly assaulted.

MARCH 19.—To my small wits, whenever people were persistent, united, and rose in their might, no general, however great, succeeded in subjugating them. Have we not swamps, forests, rivers, mountains—every natural barrier? The Carthaginians begged for peace because they were a luxurious people and could not endure the hardship of war, though the enemy suffered as sharply as they did? "Factions among themselves" is the rock on which we split. Now for the great soul who is to rise up and lead us. Why tarry his footsteps?

MARCH 24.—I was asked to the Tognos' tea, so refused a drive with Mary Preston. As I sat at my solitary casemate, waiting for the time to come for the Tognos, saw Mrs.

*(Concluded on Page 24)*

# A HOLIDAY TOUCH

## Being a Story Wherein Charity Begins Abroad

## By Charles Battell Loomis

THE snow had been falling faster and faster, and drifting more and more, in obedience to the wild and swirling wind, and now the train, which had been gradually slackening in speed, gave two or three ineffectual little jerks and came to a dead stop.

"Snowed in," said a jolly drummer, and burst into a boyish laugh. "By golly, I'm glad of it! It lets me out of spending Sunday in Plainville at that dog-gone hotel where each meal is worse than the one before."

"Right you are," said the man ahead of him, also a drummer. He looked out of the window. "Say, we *are* tied up for fair, ain't we?"

"You can bet your bottom dollar we are, and I'm glad of it."

The drummer said this with so much boyish unction that every man in the parlor car—and there were no women—turned and looked at him and laughed sympathetically.

No, not quite every man. There was one who sat up in the forward end with a black skull-cap on his bald head, and he was sleeping the sleep of the just. But the laughter and the sudden cessation of the roar of the train awoke him, and he turned around.

Every man in the car was a reader of the magazines, and every man said mentally:

"John D. Knockfeller."

There was really no mistaking the great philanthropist. There he sat in all that severity that covers a warm heart, tall and gaunt and white, and lined and seamed with the cares of great undertakings.

Around him traveling men who could only draw their $400 a month in the way of salaries, and he a millionaire and yet as powerless as they to move the train out of the great drift into which it had run its nose!

Moved by a sudden boyish impulse, "Is this Mr. Knockfeller?" said the jolly drummer, walking down the aisle to where the financier sat.

"Er—yes," said the great financier. "Are we stalled?"

"Yes, sir, we are. We'll have to make a night of it. Let's get together and have a good time. I'm only a traveling man and you're the richest man in the world, but we're all prisoners together to-night."

Then he turned his rosy, beardless face to the others, who were looking on, half amazed, half amused at his audacity, and said:

"Boys, I want you to shake hands with John D. Knockfeller, the most thought-of man in the United States."

If there was a double meaning in his words, his eyes gave no indication of it, for they were as guileless as those of a baby.

Something of the wild spirit of the night had entered the car; the men caught his mood, and, coming down the aisle, prepared to take part in a reception.

As for the great oil magnate, he, too, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and rising, he held out his hand to each in turn, while a smile widened his thin lips.

"Glad to meet you, boys," said he in a tone that made some of the men think that he had been maligned in the magazine articles that had been written about him. Here was a creature of flesh and blood, warm-hearted, perhaps even "one of the boys."

As if to put him to the test, the genial drummer who had first spoken pulled out a pocket-flask and offered a dollar grade of whisky to a man who could have paid $5000 a quart for the same grade, and not felt it.

To the surprise of all, John D. accepted the proffer, and in loving-cup fashion the bottle traversed the group.

Then, sitting and perching on the revolving chairs, they surrounded the financier, and he so far unbent as to tell them stories of his early life.

At the outset there was nothing more in their attitude toward him than a desire to kill time or have him kill it while the train waited. Like Dick Deadeye, he was not a popular character. Men who knew him not at all had a picture of a stern and forbidding man who had not become generous until after he was fifty, and who had therefore not become generous at all—only canny.

AND HE SO FAR UNBENT AS TO TELL THEM STORIES OF HIS EARLY LIFE

They did not envy him his money, and their imaginations were better pleased with men of the type of Collis P. Huntington or Pierpont Morgan, who had a capacity for friendship. But now this Knockfeller was showing himself to be a man of human sympathies, willing to be influenced by this school's-out mood that the storm and its "tumultuous privacy" had engendered.

For upward of an hour these seven hard-headed men of business, all of them traveling salesmen save one, and he a corporation lawyer, sat at the feet of this man they had been wont to picture as cold and unfeeling, and listened to one story after another of his boyhood, told simply and with no attempt at art in the telling, and yet enthralling by virtue of simplicity and truth.

This man had been a boy like the rest of them. He had had his ideals, his calf-loves, his desire to leave the world better off than when he came into it, and one after another of his listeners made up his mind to take with a grain of salt the tales that had been told of his hardness and his closeness and his lack of scruples in attaining ends.

WITHOUT COMPUNCTION HE OPENED IT

It was holiday week, and the drummer who had introduced them to Mr. Knockfeller was a man who was fond of opening up generous impulses in others. His own right hand was ready for good deeds, and for that reason he was the more ready to ask of others for others. So, when there came a lull in the reminiscences of the gaunt-faced man in the skull-cap, the jovial traveler said in his hearty way:

"Mr. Knockfeller, I suppose that this is no time to talk shop, but as you have such a reputation for philanthropy—if the newspapers tell the truth—you won't take it amiss if I ask you to donate a little something to the pet charity of each man here."

The other men turned startled heads, and the corporation lawyer rose from his seat with a half grunt. He felt that this was in questionable taste and he did not want to be a party to it. He went to the other end of the car to get a glass of ice-water and did not soon return.

But, after the first shock, the others felt that the audacious drummer had been blessed with a happy thought, and while one or two of them expected to see Mr. Knockfeller freeze up and withdraw into his shell, they all seconded the motion and leaned forward in their respective seats, the better to hear the answer.

Outside the wind whistled keenly. Wicked wind that it was, it was at that moment causing many a poorly-housed family to cry out with the pain of the cold. Perhaps the thought of its power for evil was brought to the mind of the aged financier as one blast penetrated the frame of the window and entered the car.

Whatever the cause, he responded quickly to the drummer's appeal and said warm-heartedly: "I am glad you felt free to ask me. Appeals that are face to face mean more to me than written appeals. In fact, I seldom see the latter, as my secretary attends to them and tears up many that he thinks unworthy of attention. Now, what do you want me to give? And what is it—a college or a hospital or a library?"

Then each man found voice and told what he would like a contribution for. One desired it for a Methodist church, sadly in debt, another for a little hospital in a New England town, another to endow a bed in a New York hospital. And the jovial drummer wished a contribution for a home for friendless women in which his wife was interested.

Mr. Knockfeller listened with keen attention.

"I wish," said he when the last man had said his say, "that I could always have personal interviews with the men who wish money for pet projects. I can see that you are all energetic business men, and that it is the wife who is talking through most of you, and in this holiday season I am glad to be able to do something that is not down in my cut-and-dried routine. But——"

He paused and smiled and looked from one to another as he drew out a checkbook.

Again he said "But——" and paused and smiled.

The rosy-faced drummer was the quickest witted, and he suggested:

"Coöperation?"

"No; reciprocity," said Mr. Knockfeller, a really lovely smile appearing on his thin lips.

"You tickle us and we'll tickle you?" said the drummer with his characteristic laugh.

"Exactly. I, too, have a pet charity. There is a little school for negroes down in Decatur, Georgia, that I am interested in, and, while I help it myself, I also get other people to help, for that is the best way in which to spread abroad a spirit of generous giving."

"That's so," said the drummer. "Well, put me down for—for five dollars for the little nigs."

He put his hand into his pocket as he spoke, and drawing out a roll of bills he loosened a five from the wad and laid it on his knee.

Knockfeller said: "How much is two hundred times five? I'm not very quick at figures."

A chorus of chuckles went up at this incongruous remark.

"Two hundred times five dollars is $1000," said the boyish drummer

The next man, with a new born wisdom, said:

"Here is ten dollars." It was all the money he had with him, but, if he could take home $2000 to that little hospital, it would be worth ten to him to hear what would be said by his wife and the townspeople generally.

"That makes it $2000 for your—hospital?"

Hospital," said the other in a hushed voice His throat felt crowded

The little drummer kicked himself for not having thought of a bigger figure, and made up his mind to add to his contribution when the rest should have made their bids

Oh, how young Judson regretted that he had blown in all his money save a dollar the night before! He handed a dollar to Knockfeller, and the financier put down $200 on the slip of paper on which he was setting down the various amounts. Two hundred dollars when he might have had $20,000! For he would willingly have handed out a hundred if he had had it. It would have been worth that to save his wife from the philanthropic work that, in lieu of money, she was always doing for the industrial school in their town.

Two of the others handed out twenty dollars apiece and were due to receive $4000 each

And last of all, the smallest man in the group in point of stature, but the biggest in point of heart, took out his wallet and handed out $200. It was money he was saving up for the purchase of an automobile, but $40,000 would wipe out the church debt and make his wife happy, as she was wrapped up heart and soul in the work of freeing the church from its incubus.

Mr. Knockfeller took the money from the six men and put it into his inside pocket just as it was.

He did not count it, but, referring to the slip, he said:

"It foots up to $256."

He figured for a moment, and then added

"I am due to give you, collectively, $51,200, and I assure you that I wish it were more, but I make it a rule never to give more than 200 times as much as any one else."

"Can't I raise my——" began the first drummer, but stopped, for he thought he saw a hard look stealing over the face of the financier and he decided to let well enough alone

Mr. Knockfeller took a fountain pen out of his pocket and made out the various checks, beginning with the one for $1000 and taking them in rotation

When he came to the case of the man who had given a dollar he paused and said

"Why not more?"

"Broke," was the crestfallen answer.

"Give me your check for ten and I'll make it $2200."

"Haven't a checkbook, but I'll borrow from any one who wants to trust me until I get to New York. I'm with——" He named a well known dry goods house, and the man who sat next him handed him a ten at once. The stone-broke traveler gave, in return, his card with an I. O. U. on it, and a minute later he was buttoning up a check for $2200.

The corporation lawyer came back just as the last check was made out

"You've missed it," said the drummer who had made all this charity possible. "Here, you'd better chip in."

"No," said Mr. Knockfeller. "In the words of Scripture, 'ye cannot enter now.'"

He rose and peered out of the window.

"Are we here for the night?" said he.

It had stopped snowing, but the wind was still whirling the snow here and there. About half a mile distant the lights of a village gleamed across the cold wastes.

"I guess we are. I don't know how the rest of you feel, but it seems to me as if a Welsh rabbit would go pretty good about now," said the rosy-faced drummer. "Won't everybody come in?"

There was a general movement forward to the buffet car, Mr. Knockfeller staying a moment to throw his overcoat on his shoulders, for he was subject to colds

The exultant men who had preceded him talked jubilantly of his generosity.

"Never'll believe another word I hear to his discredit" "He's all right." "Won't my wife be glad?" "Knocks the debt higher'n a kite" "Gee, I wish this train would move so I could send a telegram home!" "Going to save my news till I get home."

There was a sudden jolting, the cars butted against something again and again, and at last, thanks to certain shoveling that had been going on while the men had been enjoying the varied resources of Mr. Knockfeller, the train moved slowly along the tracks.

The Welsh rabbit ordered, the genial drummer said:

"Didn't John D. understand that he was to come in, too?"

"Maybe he don't want to butt in among men of our position," said one with a whimsical smile.

"I'll go get him," said the drummer, and went back only to return in a moment with some excitement of manner.

"Isn't back there. His hat and coat are gone, too. We've gone about a mile."

A porter who had followed close on the drummer's heels said:

"I see that tall gentleman open the vestibule door an' git off jes' befo' the train started. I toi' him he might git left, an' then I was called away an' the train started."

The six men looked at each other seriously, and the corporation counsel began to grin sardonically.

"Is that John D. Knockfeller's signature?" said the dry-goods drummer, looking at his check

"Search me," said the first drummer.

"Wait a minute," said one of them. He went to his overcoat and brought back a magazine. It contained a portrait of the aged financier, together with his autograph.

"No more like it than nothing at all," he declared

"He lef' his hand-bag," said the porter.

The genial drummer went after it and brought it into the buffet car. Without compunction he opened it and disclosed a pair of pajamas, some toilet articles, a pack of cards, and the name J. Smith written on the inner lining.

"John D. Knockfeller is a skin," said the drummer explosively.

The corporation counsel looked amused

"I've heard that before," said he.

# ROSE OF THE WORLD

## By Agnes and Egerton Castle

**Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.**

Copyright, 1904, 1905, by Egerton Castle. Copyright in Great Britain

*CHAPTER XXXIII*

THE Captain Sahib! the Captain Sahib!" cried Jani in shrill tones, and prostrated herself before the brazier, her face on the floor.

"Does she think she has called him from the dead?" wondered Baby. Her thoughts danced in a mist; she would have liked to catch one and cling to it, but they kept whirling beyond all control. She sat as if tied to her chair, staring stupidly at the two who held each other clasped so close—at the black head bent upon the golden head. Then she saw how the grip of Rosamond's hands relaxed, how the whole clinging figure fell inertly, while he—man or ghost—seemed to let it slip from him as though in surprise.

He turned his head and looked at Aspasia. There was, indeed, something unearthly about his countenance; in the ashen pallor on cheek and chin, in contrast to the bronze of the rest of the face, which seemed still to hold the touch of that Indian sun under which he had died. His eyes burnt with fierce light in their dark hollows. Aspasia felt that she ought to shudder with terror, that the situation, at least, ought to be one of desperate interest, but she was only conscious of a numb curiosity. She sat and stared. Then her gaze wandered from the mysterious presence to the figure lying on the bed. She saw the sharp outline of Rosamond's chin upturned, and thought, without the least emotion, that perhaps her aunt was dead. The very gold of the hair seemed lifeless, turning to ash. That cry still ringing in her ears must have been a death-cry. It had been as the cry of a soul that is passing

She watched the man lay his hand on the still forehead, saw him look sharply about him and inhale the air with deep breath

Suddenly, in two great strides, he was across the room. There was a noise of tearing curtains and jingling glass, and Aspasia found herself inhaling icy breaths of air in gasps. Heavily, with a sob of pain, she awoke from her stupor. She seemed to be drawing this delicious coldness into herself as if it were new life. The man passed before her once again He was holding Jani a tripod high in his hands. A trail of aromatic vapor swept against her face; and, as she involuntarily breathed it, she had a nauseating sense of suffocation, and the vanishing stupor returned upon her momentarily, like the shadow of some huge bird's wings. With an effort she turned her eyes, saw the man hoist the brazier in his hands and hurl it through the open window, saw the charcoal scattered apart like a shower of falling stars, heard a crash without. Then she knew it was no ghost.

"YOUR PLACE IS NO LONGER HERE," REPEATED ENGLISH. "LEAVE THE ROOM"

The singular white and bronze face bent over her.

"You are better, Miss Cuningham?" said a voice She knew that voice, too; she smiled lazily.

"Now I know you," she said. "You are Muhammed"

He smiled back at her, a fugitive smile, mixed sweetness and sadness.

"By and by you will know me better—by and by," he said. "Now, try and wake up, if you can, and help me

He had left her and was again at the bed. Aspasia did as she was bidden. She shook herself from her torpor and stood up, somewhat dizzy, somewhat sick, but yet herself

The man, Muhammed or another, she did not allow herself to think out the matter further, was hanging over Rosamond's inanimate form. Now he laid down the hand he held and bent his dark head to her breast. Baby flung one look of horror at the rigid, upturned chin

"She's dead!" she screamed

He raised himself abruptly, his countenance gray even under the bronze.

"She is not dead," he answered her quickly with a gesture that forbade her words; "but I have been too sudden with her, and Jani has been playing devil's tricks with her drugs. Is there any brandy——" He wheeled around as he spoke, for the door had opened and old Mary's figure appeared.

The Ancient House was now full of rumors. Old Mary's blue eyes were fixed in a stare of uttermost ecstasy. Her trembling hands were lifted as if in invocation; all at once she stretched them out with an inarticulate cry of exaltation. Then her voice faltered into homely accents:

"My lamb!" she stammered

"Oh, Mary," said the man, and his tones rang with boyish note. "Mary, dear, brandy! Mary, if you love me, quick"

He sat down on the side of the bed chafing Rosamond's fingers. Silently Aspasia held up a bottle of essence taken from the dressing table. He nodded, and she began to lave her aunt's temples, not daring to let her thoughts or eyes rest on the waxen face, on the ominous air of irrevocable repose about the long, relaxed figure. She wished the silent lips did not wear that mysterious smile. Determinedly arresting her mind on those strong words, "She is not dead," she felt that so long as she could hold this confidence it would help to keep the dread angel at bay.

"I was too sudden with her," said the man again, "but when I heard her call me I think I went mad—I had waited so long!"

Then it seemed to Aspasia that, from the first moment since he had spoken to her in the passage to-night, she had known him

"You are Harry English," she said; and, saying this, she began to cry. She looked down at the piteous fixed smile. He had waited so long! Was it not now too late?

"Oh," she said aloud, sobbing, "is it now not too late?"

Then he flung himself on his knees beside the bed, and she drew back, for none should come between them. He gathered

the inanimate form into his arms; his lips were close to the deaf ear, and he was speaking into it.

"Rosamond, my wife, Rosamond, I have come back to you — come back to me. Rosamond, beloved!"

The room was suddenly full of people.

Was it possible, Aspasia asked herself, that between that cry of Rosamond and this gathering of the inmates of the house so short a time had elapsed. She felt as if she had lived a span of years.

"My goodness," cried Lady Aspasia, "Who was screaming? Any one hurt? I never heard such a scream in my life!"

Then speech and movement alike left the eager lady. Gazing at the bed she stood open-mouthed with stupefaction — an odious inclination to laugh barely stifled, for decency's sake, in her throat.

Sir Arthur also had halted on the threshold. His eyes were fixed, as if he could hardly credit their evidence, upon the figure of the man in the shooting-coat who knelt at the side of the low bed, almost covering the unconscious body with his embrace. And, indeed, Sir Arthur's eyes at the moment were playing him false.

"Bethune!" . . . he exclaimed. "Major Bethune!"

Not a thought, not a glance had he for the deathlike stillness of his wife's face against the crisp, black head — to him that head appeared sleek, close-cropped, indefinitely brown. He cried out again loudly.

"You infernal scoundrel!" and caught the intruder roughly by the shoulder.

The kneeling man merely turned his head.

"What . . . what . . . the deuce——!" The words died on Sir Arthur's lips. His eyes protruded. "Who are you, sir?"

"Who is it?" came Lady Aspasia's whisper, more penetrating than natural tones.

"Oh, hush, hush," said Baby, rebuking she knew not what spirit of sacrilegious curiosity. "Hush! It is Harry English, uncle!"

Slowly the man got up from his knees and looked around; then his eye came back to Sir Arthur.

"Harry English!" repeated Lady Aspasia's lips voicelessly.

Her mind leaped; an irrepressible lightning satisfaction wrote itself on her harsh, handsome face; then her glance swept over the bed, and the corners of her mouth went down in a grimace. There lay Death — Death already, or very near, or she had never seen it. A double release! This double release was unnecessary — nay, a complication. Fate played such tricks at times! But Sir Arthur had staggered and reeled, and Lady Aspasia, ever practical, had to postpone thought for action. She caught him firmly by the elbow:

"Hold up, Arty; be a man."

The Lieutenant-Governor's first impulse had naturally been to deny the monstrous thought, to wither Aspasia for her impious suggestion. Then a look at the black and white portrait over the dressing table, fitfully but vividly illumined by the flames of the draft-blown candles — a look from that strong presentment to the pallid-faced, black-haired man by the bed brought an overwhelming conviction. He faltered under it. For a while he could collect no words, no thought; but presently, as the tide of blood began slowly to recede, eddying, from his brain, broken phrases escaped him, almost in a whisper.

"Your — your conduct is infamous, sir," he babbled; "ungentlemanly — ungentlemanly in the extreme! . . .

Harry English, with one hand on Rosamond's quiet breast as if mutely claiming his own, spoke then, his eyes on the creature who had robbed him.

"Your place, sir, is no longer here," he said. His voice was very low, but it contained an authority which Sir Arthur instinctively felt with a fresh spasm of indignation and self-pity, trembling upon tears. "Your place is no longer here," repeated English. "Leave the room."

The Lieutenant-Governor fairly suffocated. "How long has she known it?" cried he, panting, as he pointed to the bed. "No wonder I thought her mad. You have killed her!" he exclaimed acridly, upon another revulsion of thought.

"Had you not better have a doctor?" came Lady Aspasia's dispassionate accents. "If it's not too late," she added cynically.

Baby called out as if she had been struck, and burst into fresh tears.

The inert figure on the bed was all the girl had of home, all she had of certain love. This marble woman, no longer kin to her, had lavished on her more than a mother's care; from those lips, now so silent, except in the last sad days of trouble, Aspasia had never heard an ungentle word.

"She must not die," sobbed she.

"She will not die," said Harry English.

He shifted his hand till it rested over Rosamond's heart. Then he looked down at the face, with its faint smile of secret joy, pitifully exposed to all these eyes; and his own countenance took an expression of tenderness so infinite that weeping Baby, catching sight of it, held her breath. He moved and stood with his back to the bed, to shelter in some measure the unconscious woman from the violation of curious looks.

"I must beg you all to go," he said.

Sir Arthur, who had been gradually growing, within and without, to the purple stage of fury, now exploded. Portrait

MUTTERING THAT HE WOULD NEVER TRAVEL WITHOUT HIS STETHOSCOPE AGAIN

or no portrait, the story was preposterous. This fellow was an impostor.

"Turn me out! 'Tis you, sir, I'll turn out. I'll have you committed, sir; I'll ——"

"Please," said a voice from the door, "if any one is ill let it not be forgotten that I am a doctor. I offer my services," said M. Châtelard.

*CHAPTER XXXII*

M. CHATELARD, compact in self possession, precisely attired, as if he had not been called from slumber at the worst hour of the night by a sense of mortal emergency! And yet a very different Châtelard, either from the eager traveler or the genial *raconteur* and table companion they had known this was Châtelard the physician — the world-renowned specialist.

There was a weighty professional seriousness about him as he advanced into the room, fixing his spectacles with thumb and forefinger; an air of confident responsibility. He wasted not a second upon curiosity at the singular group by the bed, but sent his keen, direct gaze straight to the patient.

"She's killed herself," was his first thought. "Poison," he murmured aloud, and his gesture was enough to clear the bedside for his own approach.

"No," said a voice close to him. "Not poison — shock."

M. Châtelard looked up quickly and immediately became aware of a stranger's presence.

"Monsieur?" he exclaimed. He, too, had instantly concluded that the second man in the room must be Bethune. He was shaken into surprise. "In the name of Heaven, who are you?"

"I am her husband, whom she thought dead. I took her by surprise; she fainted."

M. Châtelard formed his lips for a noiseless whistle. Affairs, at one bound, had complicated themselves with a vengeance. Incredibly interesting! . . . But the emergency claimed him. He bent over the bed, and there was silence all through the room.

Even Sir Arthur, recalled from his undignified attitude, was awed; not so much, indeed, from the sense that a human life was trembling in the balance, but from the demands which the presence of a new witness made upon decorum.

The doctor raised himself and held out his hand.

"A candle," he said briefly.

It was given to him, and again the silence reigned.

M. Châtelard with deft and gentle touch lifted the heavy eyelid, passed the flame before it, and peered for some seconds into the fixed pupil, abnormally dilated. Then he handed back the light. Harry English took it and held it aloft while the doctor once more consulted pulse and heart.

Muttering that he would never travel without his stethoscope again, M. Châtelard laid his cropped head on the fair bosom. Again the seconds ticked by with nightmare slowness. The brown hand that held the candle was shaken with slight tremor. At last M. Châtelard straightened himself with the final air of one who pronounces a verdict.

"This is no mere syncope," he said. "This is brain trouble. Shock, as you said, sir," with a grave inclination of his head toward Captain English.

Old Mary, back from her errand, here proffered some brandy in a glass.

"What is that?" cried the physician sharply. "Brandy," he said, sniffing. "Heaven preserve us; 'tis well I am here! Above all things she must not be roused. *Mon cher monsieur*," he went on, turning again to Harry English, "here all our efforts must be to help nature, not to oppose her. Let all those lights be extinguished," he added authoritatively. "We must have darkness and quiet. How come all these people in the room?" He spoke with the doctor's immediate irritation at surroundings injurious to his patient.

There are situations passing the endurance of human nature, especially when it is the human nature of a person of high political importance. Here was M. Châtelard actually addressing yonder infernal interloper as the leading person!

"I call you to witness, M. Châtelard," Sir Arthur cried excitedly, "that this is some conspiracy that I by no means acknowledge ——"

Old Mary interposed, subdued yet urgent.

"Oh, sir, it is indeed my master!"

"Hush, Arty, come away now!" whispered Lady Aspasia, and once more clasped his elbow with strong, sensible hand. "There will be plenty of time for all this by and by."

"Unless you want to kill her altogether, Sir Gerardine," said Doctor Châtelard gravely, "you will make no scenes here."

Harry English stood sentinel by his wife's bed, disdaining speech.

"Unless you want to kill her," had said the doctor. As the words had been spoken Sir Arthur looked quickly at her whom he had called wife. "Better she should die," thought he. The whole measure of his love for the woman in whose beauty he had gloried was in that mean thought. Better she should die, since her existence was no longer an honor but a shame to him, Sir Arthur. He had loved her as part of himself; no longer his, what was she to him? Nothing more than the amputated limb to its owner, a thing to hide out of sight with all speed, a thing to bury away.

"I beg of you again," resumed Doctor Châtelard in tones of restrained impatience; "I can have no one remain."

A couple of servant girls who stood huddled whispering in their corner slid away one after the other.

Lady Aspasia, by some moral force and a good deal of muscular pressure, succeeded in dragging the protesting Sir Arthur in their wake. The doctor looked at old Mary — she dropped her curtsey.

"I might be of use, sir"

He considered her a second in silence. "You may stay," he said.

"And I?" said Aspasia; her pallid, tear-stained face was thrust pleadingly forward.

"You will do better to go, my child," said the Frenchman paternally.

"Doctor . . . she will not die?"

"Assuredly not this night, at least," he replied, evasive yet consoling. From the door she flung back a piteous look at English, and once again his eyes answered her: "She will not die."

Harry English took the last unextinguished candle and laid it on the floor. Outside, the yellow-gray dawn was breaking.

"I want hot bottles," ordered Doctor Châtelard of Mary, and when she had left the room he turned to the strange man who had called himself Lady Gerardine's husband.

"You, too, sir," he said. "You must leave us."

Harry English started. For the first time that evening discomposure laid hold of him.

"I? . . . but I cannot go. She will want me."

"My dear sir," said the other, his tone softening into compassion (here was one who loved as few love, or he knew not how to read countenances), "this affair is very strange, but I, as doctor, am here to judge of nothing but the good of my patient. She has had a shock, and the shock has been caused by you. I repeat, all I can do here is to aid Nature — Nature demands repose. She is as one who has had concussion of the brain. That brain must rest. Call her back to thought, you may call her to death."

"I would sit in a corner of the room — she would not know."

"Ah," said the doctor, "one never can tell. That is a fallacy I have long since seen through. So long as the soul is there, my dear sir, many things take place inside the body that we know naught of."

Then Harry English submitted. He went forth with bent head. . . . He who had waited so long! But, even as Aspasia had done, he halted to question:

"If she comes to consciousness?"

"She will not come to consciousness, perhaps, for days."

"If she wants me ——?"

"My dear sir — immediately, of course."

"When she comes to consciousness will she ——"

"Ah," interrupted the doctor, "who knows? We may have brain trouble — an illness we will surely have."

Then Harry English, who had so confidently said she would not die, looked at the other mutely, inquiring yet further.

"Ah, my dear sir," said the Frenchman in his quick apprehension, and shrugged his shoulders. Then he added compassionately, turning his head toward the bed:

"She is young."

Harry English closed the door and sat down in the dark passage, cross-legged after the habit that had grown second nature, and there remained — waiting.

Suddenly he rose to his feet again; he had heard the handle of the door click. M. Châtelard stood on the threshold

"The Indian woman," he whispered; "she makes a noise She must go."

Jani, crouching in a hidden corner within, had set up a moaning. The sound of her wail caught Harry English's ear; a creeping chill passed over him; that Eastern lament that had nothing human in its note, but was as the despair of the animal that mourns without understanding, how familiar it was to his ear! So did the women there, over seas, wail only over death. He who had held himself in such strength hitherto was shaken to his soul. He could not form the words that rose to his lips

"You know how to deal with these persons," pursued the Frenchman, absorbed in his thoughts, and in the dusk unable to read the other's countenance. "I beg you to remove her at once. But, *chut, chut*, attention, please, not to disturb my patient"

English drew his breath sharply. Had he been of those who weep he might have burst into tears then. It is the instant of relief that catches the strong-fighting soul unawares. He clenched his hands till the nails ran into the palm, and followed the doctor on noiseless feet into the room.

One glance at the bed! It was all in shadow; but even in the deliberate dimness there was evidence that a practiced hand had already been at work. He could see that his wife had been settled among her pillows with care. The white of a bandage lay across her brow. A screen was set between the bed and the banked-up fire. Old Mary was seated in a high chair, within the glow, composed and watchful, the very picture of what a nurse should be. The light of the shaded candle illumined but one thing—the white hand that hung slightly over the edge of the bed; it scintillated back from the gems of the ring that guarded the narrow wedding circlet. His ring!

M. Châtelard pulled him by the sleeve. Harry English turned sharply. He had told Sir Arthur "that his place was not here," and must now realize in his turn that neither was his place here. There was bitterness and anger in his eyes as he bent over the ayah.

She looked up at him, terror on her face. He pointed to the passage, and she crawled out, on hands and knees, whimpering to herself like a dog. Without another glance toward Rosamond Harry retired also and closed the door behind him. Old Mary followed him with her eyes and folded her hands, her lips moved as if in prayer.

In the passage Jani dragged herself toward her old master, and, clutching his ankles, laid her head upon his feet

"Sahib! . . ."

Harry looked down at her a moment without speaking. So intense was the bitterness that welled up within him, even toward this poor wretch, that he was ashamed of it. Thus, when he spoke, it was with an added gentleness.

"Ah, Jani," he said, "you knew me, here from the beginning! . . ."

This miserable pawn on the chessboard of life, had she not worked against him how different all might now have been!

Jani once more lifted her face. In the livid dawn it looked gray with fear. Then she was gone from him with a scarcely perceptible rustle, a whisper of soft garments, like some stealthy-winged thing of the night. Harry English sank back into his squatting attitude, to wait again. Never had Fate so completely veiled her countenance from him.

Years he had endured. He had clung tenaciously to life, had borne, at the moment of hope renewed, the cruelest and most insulting buffet that could strike a man, and still had fought, still had held to a determined purpose. Had it all been to this hour only?—false servant, failing friend, lost wife! No, not lost—so long as the faintest breath flickered between those silent, smiling lips.

Harry English turned to God with a great cry of his soul. It was no cry of supplication, but a call upon the Infinity. Because of Power, because of Justice, because of Goodness, she must not die.

*CHAPTER XXXI*

M. CHATELARD sat down by the bed and laid his finger on the slender wrist. A hardening pulse. Fever. He had anticipated fever: he almost welcomed it as the natural course

Would she live? These nervous creatures are as tough as cats. But, poor soul, were it not perhaps best for her were she to pass? What a situation! Great gods, what a situation! There was not one of these searchers after psychological enigmas, not one of these implacable exponents of the weaknesses of the human heart, not a Maupassant, not a Mirabeau, not a d'Annunzio who could have devised the story of this *impasse*. To die would be too absolutely commonplace a solution. If he, Châtelard, could help it she should not die, were it only for the proper working out of the problem

Propping his chin on his hand and his elbow on the bed the *savant* leaned forward, gazing at his patient, till his keen eyes, piercing the gloom, were able to trace the lines of the unconscious face.

"It is not that she is so beautiful—there are many in this country who possess the same incredible purity of outline, the same delicate wealth of feminine charm—but *c'est une ensorceleuse!* Did I not say it to the young man? One of those women who create passions that become historic. One of those whose fate is to make havoc as they go. The three men here—they are mad of her, each in his different way. The poor Gerardine, he could have cried like a child as we turned him from the room . . . and the sly, quiet, relentless Bethune, that man of granite . . . the lover, he's devoured; the very stone wastes in the furnace. How thin he has grown since that Indian night! And the third—the most surprising of all—the real husband! Oh, the strange story! the husband—the *first* husband *par dessus le marché*, as though matters were not sufficiently entangled already! Ah, *ça! mais d'où sort-il, celui-là? C'est qu'il faisait pitié—c'est encore lui le plus atteint des trois!* One could feel the frenzied soul under that air of calm command . . . "

Then enthusiastically following the trail of his own Gallic deductions, M. Châtelard began to reconstruct, *con amore*, the threads of the drama.

"*Un beau gaillard, malgré sa pâleur de revenant. . . . Avec lui, sans doute, elle a appris ce que c'est que l'amour. Ils se sont aimés jeunes et beaux. . . . Ils se valaient bien l'un l'autre, certes! Idylle parfaite, heures parfumées!*

SHE LOOKED AT THE HELPLESS, DAZED CREATURE SINKING INTO HER ARMCHAIR

Then comes the cyclone. He is swept from her by relentless duty. He dies, a hero in war as he was a hero in love. She is alone, desolate. She mourns. At the psychological moment enters upon the scene the handsome, rich, powerful Sir Gerardine. He offers her ease, position, comfort, a home, his protection. She turns to him as a child to a father. She places her hand in his. And thereafter follows the inevitable. The years have gone by; she becomes more and more a woman; the demands of her nature expand; and the old husband who is—and I don't blame him—not content to be father. . . . *Sapristi*, how he bores her, the old husband! Then arrives the man, the young man, the man of her own age. (He has loved her already as his friend's wife, in the secret of his own soul, all in honor and loyalty.) He seeks her now, knowing that his hour has come. . . .

"*L'oublierai-je, jamais telle qu'elle était ce soir-là, au moment de la première tentation? Ruisselante du feu vert de ses émeraudes; superbe dans sa beauté, sa chasteté insolente; mais couvant déjà sous la neige de sa blanche beauté, le feu destructeur de la passion renaissante. Elle a lutté. Oh, oui, celle-là a lutté! Son âme et son corps se sont entredéchirés. . . . Mais, poursuivie jusque dans cette solitude même par l'implacable qui l'a traquée comme le tigre sa proie, la fin est inévitable!*

"*Et au moment suprême où, femme au zénith de sa gloire, elle cède à la seconde passion—voilà l'objet de la première qui résuscite, et vient la réclamer! Ah, dieux, quel cri! Les oreilles m'en tintent encore. Jamais je ne l'oublierai, ce cri d'un cœur qui s'effondre. . . .*

"And the resuscitated man? The devil! where does he come from? Springing up in the old house in the middle of the night. Another tragedy there! He misdoubts, as yet, nothing. Strong in his right, in the memory of their love, he comes to claim her of the old husband—of the third, of the lover, he has no suspicion. With what eyes of trouble and wonder did he not look at me when I bade him leave her! Unhappy fellow, why, 'tis his very existence that's killing her! How long will it be before he finds out the truth, finds out that, at the very moment of regaining his treasure, he has been robbed, robbed by him who was his friend? And the friend, then, that man of granite, how will he bear himself? Will even his relentless determination stand before that terrible double knowledge of his own unconscious treachery to his comrade and of the mortal danger to his beloved? A stronger man, even, than he might well go mad! . . . As for the pitiable second husband, the old man, who counts for so little in the midst of these three young lives, and is yet so stricken in all he holds most dear—his dignity, his honor, his pathetic, senile confidence and affection—what of him? Oh, antique, silent house, what palpitating drama do you not hold this desolate dawn! Those three men, each with his passion and his claim—his just claim—and the woman there, lying so still! . . .

So M. Châtelard mused, with ever and anon a keen eye to the patient, a stealthy touch on the pulse

A pale shaft of light pierced in between the curtains, and, like a slowly shifting finger, moved straightly till it pointed to the bed. M. Châtelard started, rubbed his eyes, adjusted his spectacles and stared again. The heavy, half loosened tress that lay across the sheet shone silver in the light—the tress that had been so richly golden, crown of that haughty head, only the evening before.

"I have heard of such a thing," said the doctor to himself, "but it is the first time that I have seen it with my own eyes." He bent over the pillow and curiously lifted the strand of hair. There was no illusion about it. Rosamond's glorious hair was white.

*CHAPTER XXXII*

"I THINK you had better get your uncle a little whisky, or something," said Lady Aspasia to Baby, as, upon their ejection into the passage, she guided the poor gentleman's vague footsteps toward her own room. "Come in here, Arty, there's a good fire."

Sir Arthur turned his eyes upon her with a vacant look, catching at surprise.

"Yes, my room. But, Heavens! I don't think any of us need mind the *convenances* to-night!"

She gave a dry laugh. At least, whatever rules were transgressed now, they only regarded him and her: the thought came with sudden and exceeding pleasantness upon her; and that heart of hers, atrophied by long disuse, was stirred. She looked at the helpless, dazed creature sinking into her armchair with a softness that, even in his most gallant youth, his image had not evoked "Good fellow" as she was, Lady Aspasia was yet a woman in the hidden fibre.

Young Aspasia, shuffling about in her slippers, yet still fleet of foot, broke in upon their silence with the decanter. Shivering, partly with fatigue, partly with the chill of the dawn, she stood, vaguely watching the elder lady administer a stiff bumper to Sir Arthur.

Complete as was the turmoil in her own mind, deep as was her distress and anxiety anent Rosamond, Baby's sense of humor was irresistibly acute. The vision of Lady Aspasia, incompletely attired under her *peignoir*, her loose coiled hair (divested of the dignity of her "transformation") presenting a strangely flat appearance, bending with such solicitude over so reduced a Runkle, brought a hysterical giggle in her throat.

"Pray," said Lady Aspasia, wheeling round upon her, "don't begin to cry here, my dear! One is as much as I can manage."

"I'm not crying," retorted young Aspasia as indignantly as her chattering teeth would allow. "I'm laughing."

"Then that's worse," responded the other succinctly. "Take some whisky, too. Go to bed."

Sir Arthur, gulping down the potent mixture provided for him extended a forbidding left hand

"One moment," he ordered; then choked and coughed. But the stimulant was working its effect: his backbone was notably stiffer. The native dignity, not to say pomposity, was returning to his support.

He regarded his niece with eyes severe, if somewhat watery. "How long, Aspasia, have you known this—this—disgraceful state of affairs?"

(Continued on Page 16)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

*Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year*
*In Clubs, $1.25 Each*
*Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers*

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin the week after. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.


## Throwing Away Money

TO GO into the poorer quarters of any city or town, to look at the stores and booths and peddlers' carts there, is to see that which goes straight to the root of the whole question of poverty. Only very poor wares are offered to the very poor; but the prices are the same as, or actually higher than, the prices asked of better-off people for good wares. Also, the poor are tempted with gaudy displays of worthless trifles that appeal to the ignorant impulses of crude imaginations. The poor buy these follies and have not got home with them before the impulse to throw them away has succeeded the impulse which compelled the purchase.

Not lack of money is the cause of poverty in our country so much as lack of the educated sense of how to spend money. We see this in all classes of the people; we are often sheepishly conscious of it in ourselves. Unfortunately, this lack produces the most suffering in those least able to bear it. Before we give up the present social system as a hopeless failure, perhaps we had better see how it would work out with a people reasonably skilled both at earning and at spending.

## Still in the Kindergarten

AFTER an intelligent and watchful mother had sent her children to a famous kindergarten for several months she withdrew them because she found that they were being ruined by "getting the attitude of regarding everything as a game"—that is, instead of learning through games how to go about the serious business of life, they were learning to approach everything in the careless, make-believe spirit of play.

There is a hint in this for our colleges. There is a hint in it for all those who do puzzles, and play chess, and ride to hounds, and fool with rings and bars to develop their minds and bodies. The world is cursed with tens of thousands of human beings who have the best natural advantages, but can get up the steam of enthusiasm only for some "game" that is useless in its aim, and no more useful in its method than its corresponding reality would be.

It is as certain as cause and effect that he who takes play seriously will take serious things playfully.

## No Monopoly of Brains

ONE of the many hopeful signs of the times is the apparent decay of the breed of so-called great men—those mighty personalities that in former times stood out like a solitary tree in a vast prairie. The reason for it, of course, is the distinction of all those old-time monopolies of brains which stunted all human beings except a few who, by chance rather than by superiority of fibre, grew and developed. There are thousands, literally thousands, of men now living who, if they had lived a century or so ago and had done a work similar to that which they are doing without any very sonorous fanfare upon the trumpets of fame, would have been the talk of the world and the main topic of history. And how many of the so-called great achievements of so-called great statesmen, soldiers and thinkers of former times would be impossible to-day, because those achievements depended chiefly upon the ignorance and incapacity of the overwhelming mass of the men of their day!

Truly, this is the age of opportunity.

## One Thing at a Time

MR ROOSEVELT'S message and other recent utterances and Mr. Bryan's speeches and articles since the election show that these two leaders of the two parties are trying each to outvie the other in reform proposals. If the whole of both these programs could be forthwith put into effect the world would fall out of its place in the universe through sheer amazement at the change in its own surface.

Whoso attempts everything achieves nothing. There is much to be done, a stupendous amount of house-cleaning, before things are ship-shape for the millennium. But—one thing at a time, gentlemen! Can't you each propose just one good, big, important job, and ask the people to decide? Programs that include everything from the cure of wife beating to the monopolizing by the state of all the mines and all the railways are dazzling indeed, but dazing also. They make for an era of the sort of progress that is described in the rural districts as "like a chicken with its head off."

One *good* thing at a time, please!

## Robber Railways

THE whole country is now realizing that the controllers of our railways have, the most of them, wholly lost their point of view and have been regarding railways as private property. Indeed, so natural has this attitude toward railway property become that people have to think twice before they see that the act of the granter of a discriminating freight rate is in no essential different from the act of the highwayman who robs the wayfarer at the pistol's point.

Yet nothing could be clearer than that a railway is the public street or the public highway. The private management of railways is simply a device adopted by the public for their efficient maintenance. Any one who has traveled on the state-managed railways of Europe will regard this device of private management as vastly superior; and he will be extremely impatient with our impudent and short-sighted railway men who are doing everything in their power to force the people seriously to consider public management of the still public highways.

## The Historical Perspective

IN SHAKESPEARE'S time they acted dramas about Greece and Rome in the Elizabethan doublet and hose. In Raphael's time they painted Bible characters in the Middle Ages Italian costumes. They saw nothing incongruous in these absurd anachronisms; yet if our theatres and our painters did the same things, if our authors made characters in ancient history use the language of the drawing-rooms and the streets of our own day, what a clamor there would be!

What is the explanation of this change? Not, as is sometimes alleged, in the superiority of the costume and language of the Middle Ages over the dress and talk of the twentieth century. Those who assert that this is the cause have obviously no sense of historic perspective. The reason is our superior knowledge. The Middle Ages had no historical perspective; to-day you couldn't gather an audience in any civilized country that wouldn't have it, that wouldn't laugh at saints in evening dress and at Roman Senators in top hats and frock coats.

## A Prescription for Poise

MRS. CLAY, in her delightful reminiscences, A Belle of the Fifties, speaks of William L. Marcy, President Pierce's Secretary of State, as "a man whose unusual poise and uniform complacency were often as much a source of envy to his friends as of confusion to his enemies." So the great Secretary was interrogated about it. "Well," he answered confidentially, "I will tell you. I have given my secretary orders that whenever he sees an article eulogistic of me, praising my 'astuteness,' my 'far-seeing diplomacy,' 'my incomparable statesmanship,' etc., he is to cut it out and place it conspicuously on my desk where I can see it the first thing in the morning; everything to the contrary he is to cut out and up and consign to the waste-basket. By this means, hearing nothing but good of myself, I have come naturally to regard myself as a pretty good fellow! Who wouldn't be serene under such circumstances?"

Poise is the ambition of every man who seeks to meet successfully the contending forces within and around him. It is the practical outward expression of true philosophy. Equilibrium does not quite carry the meaning, for it is "the state of a body, which, submitted to the action of any number of forces, is still in the same condition as if these forces did not act." Equilibrium is stable, while poise is responsive. Shakespeare gave it an immortal illustration in his sentence: "If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions." It reaches even further than that, because it really signifies the ideal bearing of the gentleman in whatever society he may be placed.

In this contradictory age, when our Presidents and our preachers tell us in the morning to be strenuous and plead with us in the evening to lead the simple life, the value of that composure which is the result of strength, courage and trust, facing the storm as well as the calm with smiling face, becomes the finest proof of character that we can exhibit to our fellowmen. In order to get it, man does well to keep on good terms with himself.

It isn't necessary to become vain on compliments any more than it is necessary to grow sour on criticisms, but it is better to run the dangers of egotism on the favorable notices than to let the censor with a torpid liver and a nimble pen prick your comfort and poison your happiness.

## Equality's One Handicap

NO DOUBT the statement that "all men are born equal" requires a good deal of explanation before it becomes practically true; for Nature does hopelessly handicap many of us before she starts us in the race. Still, isn't there far more truth in that "glittering generality" than many persons admit nowadays?

The woman born beautiful doesn't bother to educate her intelligence, is spoiled by flattery, is unable to hold the men she attracts; the woman born homely is driven to develop her character and her mind, and so more than overcomes her handicap as against her pretty sister. The man born clever loses because he wins too easily and has no incentive to that sustained effort which alone achieves success; the man born "slow" develops patience, assiduity, balance and, best of all, tenacity.

It comes near to being a universal rule that strong points and weak ones just about offset each other in any human being at the start, and that the development is a matter for the man himself to determine. And there is no fatal handicap except the disposition to regard one's handicap as fatal.

## The Wonder-Shop

SOON after the new year began, an interesting business announcement appeared in the newspapers. It filled only a small bit of space apportioned to the latest news sensation; it was an almost insignificant item compared with the war news; it got few large headlines. And yet it was a stupendous thing.

President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, contracted with President Converse, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, for 325 locomotives at $17,000 each. This meant a total of $5,525,000. The stipulation was that all the locomotives—each a mechanical wonder in itself—should be delivered by the end of June, or at the rate of fifty per month, practically two complete locomotives for every working day.

Take the financial significance of this. Mulhall computes the total amount of money in circulation, including coined money or its equivalent, but not securities of various sorts, at about $11,010,000,000, or just a little more than seven dollars and a half per capita, if it were divided equally among all the people in the world. So for his extra motive power, a mere six months' purchase, President Cassatt takes the equivalent of the per capita money of nearly a million of the people of the earth. And this is but an incident in the operations of the great corporation which he directs.

Take the personal view. President Cassatt and President Converse are men who have reached their high positions from the lower rounds of the ladder. Behind each is an army of trained men, the products of the best schools, the possessors of long skill and experience in industrial and transportation labors. From these ranks will come the great managers, the great inventors, the great leaders of the future. Each president is at the head of an organization that is a marvel of simplicity and proficiency, with right men in the right places, able by concert of action to do the wonderful things that such a transaction represents.

It is difficult, even by a stretch of fancy, to appreciate properly the gigantic achievements of modern industry. The complexity of an equipment that can produce two locomotives for every working day and of the agency whose increased business needs these engines almost appals the understanding, and yet so well handled and so completely adjusted are all the details that the system is practically automatic. Thus the head of a transportation army meets the head of a manufacturing army, expresses his needs, agrees to pay the price, and knows that his order will be filled on schedule time.

"In wonder," said Coleridge, "all philosophy began; in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace." The wonder-shop of the age is the American factory.

# THE MORMON SYSTEM

## A Compromise Between Socialism and a Joint-Stock Company

## By H. C. WILLIAMS

MORMONISM comprises a system of religion, a system of ethics and a system of politics so closely interwoven that there can be no clear conception of the workings of the institution without a consideration of all its parts. During the generation of practical isolation between the exodus in 1848 and the building of the Union Pacific Railroad the crude religious concepts of Joseph Smith had been developed into a creed consisting of elements borrowed from every religion, and some ingredients that have no genesis save the cataleptic or hysterical visions of Smith and the Prophets who succeeded him.

Into this heterogeneous mass of phantasy the practical genius of Brigham Young injected a system of ethics, moral and political; a system that was exactly adapted to the abnormal and difficult nature of the problem it was created to solve. A poverty-stricken people in the midst of the inhospitable deserts of the Utah of 1848.

It was a strange mixture of the spirit of adventure and religious fervor that led this people across the arid deserts that reached a thousand miles from the Missouri River to the Great Salt Lake. Chicago was then merely a growing town. The border States of Kansas, Iowa and Minnesota were scarcely in the beginnings of settlement. Viewed with an unversed perspective, it seems no idle dream of the daring leader to carry a chosen people through the wilderness, into the land of promise, there to found an empire dedicated to the Lord, and to be administered by His vicegerents, the Prophets.

But an empire demanded a population, and the adoption of a polygamous creed would supply this *desideratum*. It was supplied by Brigham Young and his lieutenants with an ingenuity that included every subjective emotion of the human mind, and nowhere, save perhaps by the Egyptian priesthood, has more effort been applied in systematizing superstition than is displayed in the details of the Mormon creed.

Looking forward from the vantage of 1848 it would seem that a century must elapse before civilization could overtake these sojourners, secure in the isolation of the easily-defended mountain fastnesses, and that the peculiar system by that time would develop the imperial dream. But the gold hunters had begun to trouble the system in a decade, and in less than thirty years the locomotives of the Union Pacific were screaming in the city of the Saints. The Gentile invasion which immediately followed destroyed the isolation, and then the conflict of two systems, in complete antagonism, had begun—a conflict that apparently ended polygamy in 1892, and changed the dream of imperialism through the powers of an autonomous hierarchy into preparations for political control through the quasi autonomy which the American Constitution confers upon an American State.

That the Mormon system must be political was the first condition enforced upon it when it left the confines of organized society in 1848, and that it must be hierarchical followed because the religious code, and the Prophets who were assumed to be inspired by the will of the Almighty, were the only forces that the rank and file would obey. Religious fervor generally conceded a willing obedience, but this was supplemented with the sternest discipline. Brigham Young to the end of his days remained autocrat, and his successors have fully maintained his pretensions.

In theory the constitution of the Church is democratic. At the general conferences the selection of officials, from the First President down, originally made by appointment, is ratified by a popular vote, and the same process includes their acts, and on its face it looks perfectly fair. But throughout the whole of this democratic fabric run the fine wires of autocratic control, and this control is the infallibility of the priesthood and the assumption by the chief priest or Prophet that his acts and words are inspired by the Almighty. To deny this, or to act contrary to such inspired advice, is the great heresy to be followed by excommunication, or such punishment as the priesthood is able to inflict.

In the old days preceding the "Gentile invasion" the punishments were severe, and in a few instances capital. Now they consist of ostracism and boycotting in business and political life. This control reaches down into the smallest precinct and into every Mormon household. The Prophet and the apostolic council hold the presidents of the stakes to strict accountability, the presidents of stakes hold the bishops of the wards, and the bishops hold the "teachers" while the latter go from house to house instructing the laity in its duties, religious, political or financial, according to the wishes of the apostolic board or the policy of the hour. As the assumption of inspiration is the cornerstone of the system, and belief in it is sincere in the minds of eighty per cent. of the Mormon population, democratic ideals and practice are reduced to nothingness, and assertions that Utah is governed by American political institutions are mere sham.

As the doctrine of inspiration is the crux of the system, the following excerpts from the highest church authorities are given. They present the assumption from its objective and subjective sides, and could be indefinitely multiplied.

> Men who hold the priesthood possess Divine authority to act for God . . . Men who honor the priesthood honor God, and those who reject it reject God.—New Witnesses for God, by B. H. Roberts.

> All other authorities or offices in the Church are appendages to this priesthood.—Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

> The priesthood gives them the right to advise and instruct the saints, and their jurisdiction extends over all things, spiritual and temporal.—Sermon by Doctor Gowans, May, 1898.

> The Lord has not given the members of the Church the right to find fault with or condemn those who hold priesthood.—Apostle George Q. Cannon.

> The priesthood has the legitimate rule of God, whether in Heaven or on the earth, and is the only legitimate power that has the right to rule on earth.—Apostle John Taylor.

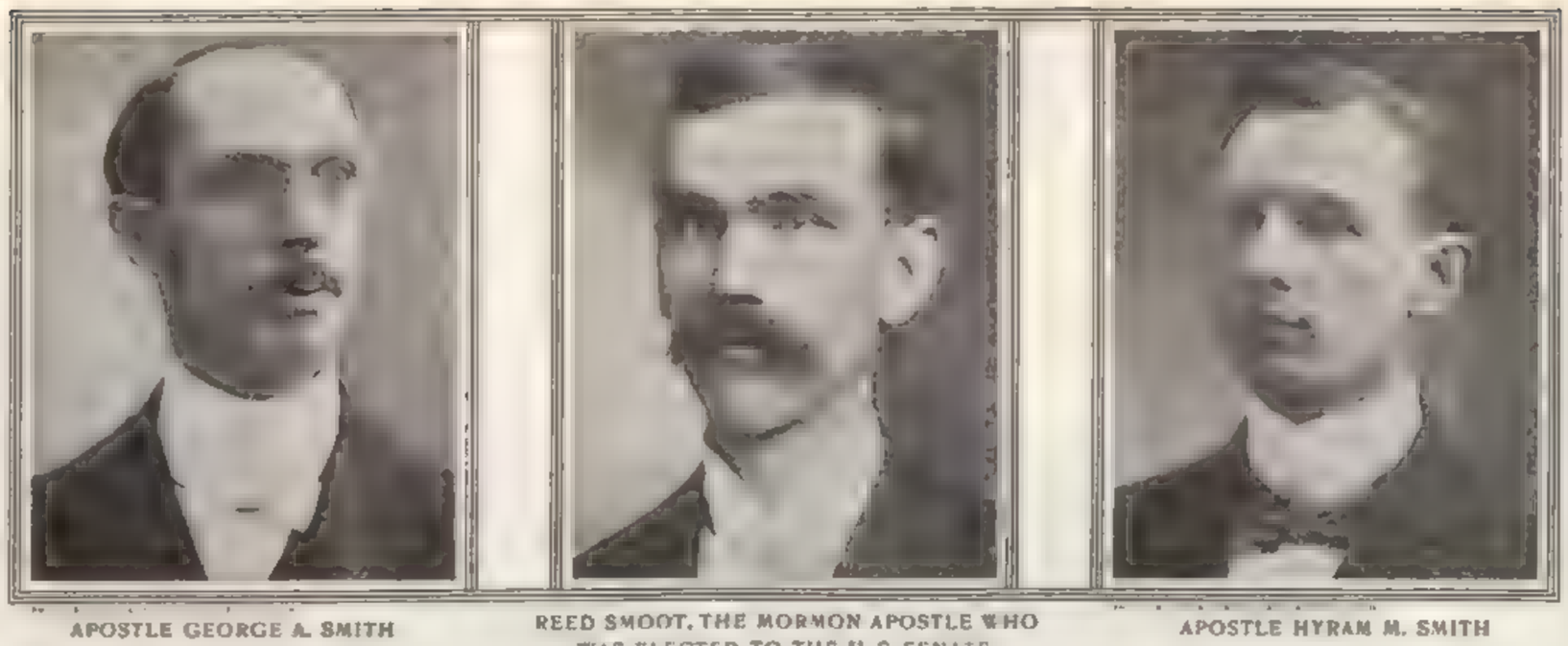
> The question with me is . . . when I get the word of the Lord as to who is the right man (to vote for) will I obey it, no matter whether it does come contrary to my convictions?—President Joseph Smith.

> If a man should offer me a bribe to vote for him I should be inclined not to vote for him unless directed to do so by the Prophet of the Lord.—Apostle Brigham Young.

These are not merely the theoretical assumptions of a creed, but are statements of the forces that govern Utah to-day, and in contiguous States where Mormons exist in any considerable numbers. The question of polygamy was socially and morally offensive to the country, but the political results of such concepts have been to reduce Utah and Idaho to a shambles. They are a menace to American institutions because they are completely subversive; and because they are firmly rooted in the mental habit of the Mormon population, and are applied behind the powers the Constitution has conferred, they constitute a problem of the utmost difficulty.

The hold of the hierarchy upon the laity extends beyond the conscience, into the pocket of every member, by a form of tax, called tithing, which at present produces about $2,000,000 annually. This tax is in the absolute control of the Prophet as trustee-in-trust. It is invested in all sorts of industrial and commercial enterprises, and its visible result is a series of large fortunes accumulated by the members of the hierarchy, which, in spite of the delusion of popular ratification, is a self-appointing and self-perpetuating institution.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, HEAD OF THE MORMON CHURCH



APOSTLE GEORGE A. SMITH — REED SMOOT, THE MORMON APOSTLE WHO WAS ELECTED TO THE U. S. SENATE — APOSTLE HYRAM M. SMITH

President Smith, before the Senate Committee on the Smoot inquiry, in response to questions by Senator McComas, admitted: 1. That the counselors (to the First President) were first chosen by revelation, but that ever since the councils of the Apostles have had a voice in the selection of their successors. 2. That vacancies are filled by the body of the twelve themselves, with the consent of the First Presidency. 3. That it is a succession rather than an election.

Besides being Prophet, Seer and Revelator, President of the Church of Latter-Day Saints Joseph F. Smith is president of eighteen industrial or fiscal corporations, representing above $25,000,000 of capital, and including several monopolies. He stated before the Senate Committee that his relations to these corporations were due to his large personal holdings and his selection by friends who were stockholders. The tithing system and the "graft" of the hierarchy is the African in the woodpile, and they explain the anxiety of the Church leaders for political dominance.

It is the policy of the Church to employ only Mormons in their industrial enterprises—the exceptions being cases where the necessary skill cannot be supplied by home talent, and these outsiders usually are retained only until native skill may be trained. As this policy is supplemented in the business enterprises of individual Mormons throughout the State who are more or less dependent upon the larger institutions at the capital, or on the Church directly, it happens that nearly the entire Mormon population, except that engaged in agriculture, is dependent for its means of livelihood upon the Church; and employees have found by experience that rebellion against tithing, or a political expression at variance with the Church policy of the moment, is followed by reproval, and, if the victim be persistent, by dismissal.

The only Gentile who can be elected to office is one who will be subservient to the Church policy. If he prove docile his way will be easy, for there is nothing small about the hierarchy. It is an organized policy—persistent, impersonal, Machiavellian—and that element of Gentiles which is complaisant is courted by the Church leaders as evidence of its professed fairness in the division of spoils and its indifference to any sort of politics that will not antagonize its policy. On the other hand, for a Gentile to enter the political arena without attention to the invisible wires is to invite defeat, for a Mormon to enter without the consent of his ecclesiastical superior is to invite excommunication and ostracism.

Generally speaking, only the pioneers who came to Utah between 1848 and 1852 were Americans. The implanting of polygamy, which was foreign to the religion of the first Prophet, Joseph Smith, and which was a political afterthought, turned American blood away from the institution, and the bulk of the Mormon population has since mainly been drawn from the artisan and peasant classes of England, Wales, Scotland and the Scandinavian countries. These have been settled in colonies, have remained more or less isolated, and still retain much of their native habit and local customs. But the original American and his foreign successor possessed the perfervid religious imagination always prone to accept superstition as an explanation of the subjective emotions, so well wrought upon by the Mormon creed, and the emotions of the pioneer have become settled mental habits in his descendants.

It was easy for the hierarchy to govern with subjective phenomena, expressed as revelation, when this was exactly the interpretation required. It was easy to impose a system of tithing, as that was the only method that could be applied in an organized society situated as the Mormons were during the first generation of their sojourn. It was a kind of compromise between a pure socialism and a joint stock concern, and with it all the operations of a complicated society were [illegible] executed. The tithe was paid in produce, upon which scrip was issued; the scrip circulated as money, and, so long as Mormonism was purely an intensive institution was receivable for taxes, and performed all the functions of a circulating medium.

But with the Gentile influx, the cash system, and individualized methods in production and commerce the tithing system got out of joint. The National Government asserted its supremacy, and territorial, county and municipal government gradually ousted the Church from its governing function. The growth of the school system, road and irrigation improvements, entailed a larger tax list each year, and neither the cost of government nor of public improvements could be met with tithing scrip, except through a tortuous and expensive exchange through the tithing-house, with cash by no means always available there. Thus it is that now the Mormon producer is confronted with two systems of taxation—that by the State and municipality, high to the breaking point, and that by the Church of ten per cent. annually upon his gross income. The latter served a great purpose in its day, but its application now is a heavy burden upon the mass of the laity and only serves to build up great fortunes for the Church leaders. The industries developed out of the fund are pure monopolies, stifling individual enterprise, and tending to reduce the people who are in the position of employees to a species of peonage. Meanwhile the old tithing scrip still serves its original purpose in a small way, principally in working out the charities of the Church.

The system of double tax is bearing heavily upon the agricultural population. The arable land of Utah is contained in large, narrow valleys, and subdivided into farms seldom exceeding forty acres, and usually not more than twenty. The land is not nearly so productive as formerly, having been impoverished by overcropping and careless farming. Except near to the few large towns and mining camps, good markets are not available; the heavy cost of transportation on the interstate railways, and the long wagon hauls where there are no railroads, make it more difficult each year for the Utah farmer to make ends meet. The increase of tillable acreage has caused increasing shortage in the irrigation water supply, and adds an additional element of uncertainty to farming operations. If a Gentile, with a view to purchase, go into any of these valleys he will be astonished at the great number of good offers he receives, and will gain an impression of the unsatisfactory conditions surrounding the Mormon farmers that he will get in no other way. Those who can sell usually leave the country, seeking, where possible, regions where other Mormons are colonizing, for the most of them are true to their religion, and have a pathetic veneration for the high priesthood that has had no counterpart since the era of Renaissance.

There is an idyllic simplicity in the lives of these country people quite striking to the strenuous American, and while the two peoples are of the same European stock, the isolation and intensiveness of the Mormon have left him much like his forefathers, plus greater comfort and freedom from many of the cares of life whereof the paternalism of the Church has relieved him. But the conditions and paternalism have minimized his energy, and he has failed to acquire the thrift of the Eastern American. He is industrious, of solid habit, but easy going and fond of holidays, and the Gentile is slowly buying him out.

The Mormon farmers are very social in their habits, usually living in small towns and going out daily to till their lands. They are well-mannered and polite to Gentiles who come among them, but suspicious, and difficult to get acquainted with. Yet they constitute the great body of the Mormon population; they form the conservative element of Mormondom, and such American political ideals as they have imbibed during the past quarter-century are so strongly tinctured with Church political theology that *vox populi, vox Dei* is inverted into *vox Dei, vox populi*—for it is this element that always may be relied upon to vote according to the latest revelation of the Prophet. Three generations of this mental habit have firmly fixed their belief in the Divine inspiration of the priestly chiefs, whose pretense that they do not interfere in politics or other temporal matters may only be interpreted by the use they have made of their opportunities—and this has been to control every political factor in the State, the only Gentile admixture being from those whose complaisance was needed to emphasize the pretense of non-interference in the few larger cities where there is a strong Gentile population.

It is not so much the spoils of office that the religious chiefs aspire to as the power of control, especially in the Legislature,

APOSTLE GEORGE TEASDALE — APOSTLE FRANCIS M. LYMAN — APOSTLE CHARLES W. PENROSE — APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT

## Let Brodnax send Diamonds before you buy

We know that our diamonds are right in price for we import direct. We also know they are rightly graded for this is done by our diamond expert, and his work is checked by our president, Mr. Brodnax. In order to convince you, we ask that you pick out from our Diamond book the stone desired and we will send it direct to you, express paid. If entirely satisfactory you can send us the cash price, or close up the transaction on one of our deferred payment plans. You incur no obligation whatever by asking for a selection package, no more than you would by looking in our show window. Our diamonds and our plans are right, and we are very willing to take the small chances of having to pay express charges both ways.

Have your banker or some well-rated merchant who knows of your reliability, write us under separate cover, at same time you do, and shipment will be made without delay.

**Our Diamond Book "C"**

illustrates attractively our goods and explains fully our exchange and buying back features and our several partial payment plans. It will pay you to have a copy.

**Geo. T. BRODNAX, Diamond Importers**
**305 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.**



Your dentist will tell you: "Digestion begins in the mouth. A sound, healthy mouth and teeth are essential to good general health"
Use daily.

SANITOL
TRADE MARK
BEST FOR THE TEETH

Powder
Paste
Liquid
Brush

Your dentist will know about Sanitol, and the importance of preparations which really produce a clean, healthy mouth, as well as being pleasant to use.

Highest and Only Award, World's Fair, 1904

A helpful booklet on "The Teeth," free.

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis

An Association of DENTISTS conducted on the co-operative plan. Manufacturing Chemists for all Sanitol preparations



EDUCATOR SHOES

"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD"

Box, Russia and Patent Calf and Kid

Infants' 5 to 8 $1.00 Misses', 11½ to 2, $2.00
Child's, 8½ to 11 1.75 Miss' 2 to 6 2.50

Oak Soles sewed with new Richardson Short Stitch give utmost pliability and strength.

Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

Take no imitation.
Educator Rubbers
for Educator Shoes

RICE & HUTCHINS
Shoemakers
13 High Street, Boston

THE WRONG WAY

THE EDUCATOR WAY


the county boards, town councils and school boards, where the power of taxation and franchise production resides. Where the stake is large, as it sometimes is in the work of the Legislature, a steering committee from the hierarchy is on hand to guide the faithful, and if the latter do not see the point as a matter of business they are reminded that it is the will of the Lord. The Church sees to it that these various bodies contain a Mormon majority, and where Gentiles are a majority of the population the Mormon leaders have no difficulty in keeping them divided with the bribery of office, or by a power they frequently exert over business men to injure or exalt their business.

This belief in the divinity of the hierarchy is at the bottom of all the trouble that Mormonism has produced and is still producing, and so long as such belief exists an American system of government and politics is impossible. Every true Mormon carries a dual nature—is now Doctor Jekyll and now Mr. Hyde. He is loyal to the American system so long as it does not conflict with the interpreted version of the Mormon religion, and is the tool of whatever policy his religious chiefs choose to inspire. But the aim and the end of it is the avarice of wealth and of power.

Every pledge made by the hierarchy that political interference should cease was made with a mental reservation in order that the American people would grant the autonomy of Statehood—reservations that were boldly disclaimed by some of their most influential leaders the instant that Statehood was acquired. The Auditor of State, in 1898, who mistook me for a Mormon because an order for a warrant was signed by a Mormon official, said to me: "Now that we have Statehood we Mormons will take the offices from the Gentiles and run things to suit ourselves."

It was not prophecy, but conspiracy. A few months later the President of the Utah Senate told me: "We (Mormons) intend to take control of every political function in the State, from the highest to the lowest." When I reminded him that such a repudiation of the pledges to the Congress and the American people might result in the gift being recalled, he replied that the Constitution would prevent any interference.

Two years ago I called upon a certain Mormon bishop with reference to some political business, and the Senatorial canvass of Reed Smoot was mentioned. I suggested that perhaps the gentleman would resign his apostolic office before entering a contest for so exalted a position, in the face of the strained political conditions of Utah and the pledges the Mormon chiefs had made to the nation. The bishop replied that he could see no reason in such a course; that nearly every Mormon held some churchly office, and that himself and other officials had remained out of politics long enough, and intended to take a hand forthwith.

He not only "took a hand," but became "the whole thing." He formed an alliance with a few Gentiles—enough to make control of the district sure—and this combination has forestalled every primary since with caucus nominations. The primaries have become a series of ratification meetings. The process is simple—the bishop votes all the Mormons and his Gentile allies all the Gentiles. The refrain in the primaries is: 'What are we here for?" This district is a reflex of every other, and when the game is of national importance—as the "fixing" of the Legislature and the higher offices of the State—the voting is done by the Prophet and his councilors, or by some delegate he may appoint.

As stated above, it is not the power of office as office so much as the power of control that is the inspiration of the Church policy. The principal use of this power is to coerce the young men into complete subordination to the hierarchy. There is but one gate through which ambition may reach its reward, and that is the Church door. There is a heavy undercurrent of discontent among the younger Mormons in the cities, where superior educational advantages and contact with the Gentile element have shown them the anomalies of the system, and, in some measure at least, rendered them independent of the Church in their livings; and the Church authorities have not been slow to perceive that this spirit might spread throughout the entire population and undermine the whole system. To prevent this they have therefore woven a web of environment, social, political and commercial, very difficult to break.

Expressions as to the present crisis are, where given, furtive, and are vouchsafed only after long acquaintance, as if in fear that if they reached certain quarters evil would result. Several Mormons, however, have told me that they hoped Smoot would be unseated, and two have recently expressed a wish that the country would interfere to destroy the power of the hierarchy over the lives and livings of the masses upon whom it feeds. If the purely religious side of the problem were the principal factor the troubles that affect Utah would long since have disappeared. The hierarchical octopus throws a tentacle around the victim at birth, and never relinquishes its grasp.

More than half of the Mormon men hold some churchly office, so that scarcely a household of any size exists that does not contain some agent of the priesthood. The duties of such subordinates are perfunctory in so far as any priestly power is concerned. They are like the noncommissioned officers in an army—useful in conveying the commands of the hierarchy to the laity, and in returning intelligence to it. The Mormon leaders perfectly understand the let-alone policy in a population so self-contained as this, but their victim always finds himself held in contumely by his neighbors, and even by members of his own family. His business, or means of livelihood, is met with a very intangible but effective boycott; and to be placed without the pale of his Church is nearly as serious a matter in 1905 as excommunication was to the Catholic apostate of 1500. Conversely, the layman's chances of promotion to the higher offices of the Church, or in the direction of political or commercial ambition, is directly in the proportion to the zeal and ability he may display in the advancement of his religion, the central pivot of which is tithing on its temporal side, and fatuous belief in the divinity of the inspirations of his spiritual chiefs on the religious side. This structure is a unit, taken either way.

It was to enforce this discipline that Apostle Moses Thatcher was unchurched and defeated in his canvass for the Senate in a year when his party had an overwhelming majority, and that B. H. Roberts was compelled to relinquish a canvass for the House of Representatives, which he had based upon purely political grounds and methods. And it was to illustrate the reward for zeal and obedience that Reed Smoot has been permitted to exercise the entire political influence of the Church and absorb the political power of the State.

How much the hierarchical chiefs themselves believe in the mummery they foist upon their people is, of course, hypothetical. Perhaps the mental intensiveness of striving always to be oracular may in time transform the devotee into a real oracle. At least it was with oracular indefiniteness that Joseph Smith answered Senator Burrows a few weeks ago—that while "the suspension of the practice of polygamy was the result of a revelation, and it would require another revelation to put it in force, the revelation would not act unless the people should receive it. Nothing is forced upon the Mormon people." If he had added, "Except belief in the divinity of my revelation," he would have stated the fact, and not evaded it.

But has plural marriage really been abandoned? Cases of it are continually reported; but the proof is difficult, especially when both parties to the contract are unwilling to admit a Mormon marriage. Yet polygamous living is very common, and while several years ago it was carried on with a sort of decent obscurity, it is now openly flaunted, and there is not a neighborhood that does not have several cases more or less offensive.

The Mormon leaders are very indifferent regarding the action Congress may take in alleviating the condition by any power it may exert under the Constitution. Their hold upon their people is supreme, and its results are too profitable for them to be deterred by any process that would take from them the political power for which, of itself, they care but little. Nothing that does not strike at tithing, which is the root of the question, or, what is the same thing, does not relieve the Mormon people from the underground tyranny by which it is exacted, will relieve the situation. It was the escheat of Church property and the imprisonment of the Church leaders for their polygamous relations that caused President Woodruff to get his famous revelation suspending the practice. Could the Church property now be escheated it is probable the present Prophet would, within a week, see his way to a new revelation admonishing the high Church officials that they must not serve both God and Mammon, and that high Church men must devote themselves to God, and go not with the publicans and sinners.


# NEW SPRING STYLES

**Tailor-Made Suits . $7.50 up**
**Shirt-Waist Suits . $7.00 up**
**Rain Coats . . . . $9.75 up**

**Our new Spring Catalogue** will be mailed FREE on request. Every lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost should have a copy of this beautiful fashion book, together with samples of the materials from which we make our garments. Our catalogue illustrates 158 of the latest New York styles in Tailor-Made Suits, Shirt-Waist Suits, Jackets, Skirts and Rain Coats, and we carry a stock of over 500 materials from which you may select.

**We carry no ready-made garments, but make everything to order.**

**Our garments made to order cost less than other houses ask for ready-mades.**

**Tailor-Made Suits** This illustration represents only one of 60 styles of tailor-made suits which we show in our new Spring Catalogue. We have over 300 materials suitable for these costumes. All of our garments are made especially to order according to individual measurements of the customer. We make handsome man tailored suits from

**$7.50 to $25**

Also beautiful Silk Costumes never before shown, $15 to $25.

**Shirt-Waist Suits** No lady's wardrobe is complete without at least one shirt-waist suit. We show 50 beautiful styles of these garments in our catalogue, and will make them to your order of taffeta silk, [illegible] etc. The prices range from $7 to $20 for mohair, brilliantine, lansdowne, etc., and $12 to $25 for silk shirt waist suits.

We do not carry Wash Goods.

**Rain Coats**

In stormy weather a long coat like this is a comfortable garment to have; they are also suitable for driving, traveling, etc. We show all of the latest styles of these useful coats in our catalogue, and can send you samples of over 30 different rain-proof materials from which to select. We make our rain coats to order only, therefore they always fit and look well.

**$9.75 to $18**

**Separate Skirts** This season is heralded by a great diversity of separate skirts. All of our models are designed with the idea of beauty and service, and the materials from which we make them to order include all the newest effects. We cut and make them according to your individual measurements after the latest fashions. [illegible] shaped and long must [illegible] enjoy none [illegible] and tailors

**$3.50 to $12**

**Jackets** [illegible]

**$5.75 to $15**

[illegible]

**$10 to $25**

**We prepay express charges to any part of the United States. We guarantee to fit you—if we fail to do so, we promptly refund your money.**

**We Send Free** to any part of the United States our new Spring Fashion Catalogue showing the latest New York styles, a large assortment of samples of the newest materials, and complete directions for taking measurements correctly. Mention whether you wish samples for a tailor-made suit, a shirt-waist suit, skirt, jacket or rain coat. *Write today.*

**National Cloak and Suit Company**
**119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York**

*Mail Orders Only* — *Established 25 Years* — *No Agents or Branches*

I KNOW of two men who read my last advertisement, and who said they didn't believe what I say is true.

Why didn't they believe? How can I make them believe?

If you, and all other men who smoke, could be convinced that the quality and value of my cigars are exactly as I state, my factory could not begin to fill all the orders I would receive. Neither could any other cigar factory in the world.

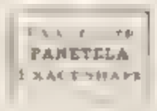
Those who are not personally acquainted with me are entitled to proof that I am a man of my word, so I give you that chance by letting you test my cigars.

I can't take my cigars in person to smokers and urge a free trial, but I do the next best thing—send a hundred by express, prepaid, and without any advance payment whatever.

I am all the time hearing from new people who want to try my cigars. The result has been that during the past two and a half years I have been compelled to move three times, always into larger quarters. I am pleased, of course, but am out for still larger business. Thousands of smokers have become regular patrons of mine, but there are hundreds of other thousands who have not yet accepted my offer.

*More than 75 per cent. of all the cigars that I send out go to people who have bought of me before.* Men are free to do as they choose, so I do not need to suggest the reason why they send in re-orders.

**My claim is**—that the equal of my Shivers' Panetela Cigar is not retailed for less than 10c., and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at a price so near the actual cost of manufacture. I guarantee that the filler of these cigars is clear, clean, long Havana, and that the wrappers are genuine Sumatra.




MY OFFER

**I will, upon request, send to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars, express prepaid, on approval He may smoke ten and return the other ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased. If he is satisfied and keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price for them ($5) within ten days. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.**

In ordering, please use business letter-head, or inclose business card, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

Write me if you smoke.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

906 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK
A Modern Soap
For Modern People
Send four cents in stamps for miniature stick
COLGATE & CO.
55 JOHN ST., NEW YORK

A rude awakening
When you die, will your wife and children be provided for, or will they be thrown upon the world? It's a tough world sometimes.
Let us send you our booklet "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

any one. Send 6c. for catalog — 40 text models and 100 engravings
King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 872 W. Forth St., Lunanaco, Mich. U. S. A.

# Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 11)

He rolled his suffused gaze from the girl to his distinguished relative, seeking a kindred indignation.

"You mean, how long I have known that Aunt Rosamond wasn't married at all? Oh, gracious, what am I saying?—that she's got two husbands—gracious, I can't help being muddled. Who could?"

"The premises are by no means established," interrupted Sir Arthur with not unsuccessful reaching after his old manner. "But how long, I ask, have you known of the presence in this house—or in this neighborhood—of the person, impostor or no, who dares to present himself as Harry English?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," said Baby, hugging herself in her dressing-gown, the warmth of the fire, the heat of her reawakening antagonism getting the better of her chill tremors, "as a matter of fact, you have known him a good deal longer than I."

"Lord, child, how you bandy words!" said Lady Aspasia disapprovingly. "Let her go to bed, Arty. Surely you'll have plenty of time by and by for all this."

But the Lieutenant-Governor waved the interruption aside with impatience. Miss Cuningham did not await further questioning. It would be scarce human to feel no complacency in the power to impart weighty information. And Baby was among the most human of her race.

"You went and fished him out yourself," she cried. "Your own private secretary."

And still Sir Arthur was all at sea.

"Private secretary," he repeated blankly, hastily running over in his mind all the members of his staff within recent years.

Lady Aspasia whistled under her breath to mark her displeasure at the inopportune discussion, and mixed herself a companion bumper to Sir Arthur's.

"The native spring, not quite so native as we all fancied, Runkle. Muhammed Saif-u-din. My goodness," cried the girl, clasping her hands, and struck with a new aspect of the situation, "no wonder I thought him queer! . . . No wonder, Runkle, he looked at you as if he could murder you! My word, it's just too romantic! To think of his being with you all these days and weeks, and of his being here, alone with us—waiting—waiting all the time."

"Mahammed . . ." ejaculated Sir Arthur, and sat in his chair as if turned to stone.

Then suddenly.

"Muhammed!" he cried again in a high, shrill voice, and bounded to his feet. "The —d black scoundrel," foamed the Lieutenant-Governor, "the wretched nigger! The miserable beggar whom I took from the gutter and admitted into my household, and treated as a gentleman—a gentleman, begad! By Jingo, he shall smart for this! It's a hideous conspiracy! No, no, Lady Aspasia, you don't know the race as I do. It's trickery; it's a piece of monstrous Indian jugglery. It's a conspiracy between them all."

He put his hand to his forehead and reeled; then stretched out his arm gropingly. Promptly Lady Aspasia popped the glass she had destined for herself into the vague fingers.

Young Aspasia, between anger, scorn and her sense of humor, was now perilously near the hysterics dreaded by her namesake.

"Now, look here," said the latter, catching the small figure by the elbow and turning it toward the door, "you get out of this in double-quick time; I'll manage your uncle."

"Master Muhammed will find he has made a little mistake—a little mistake," said the great man, spurred once more to his normal vigor of intellect.

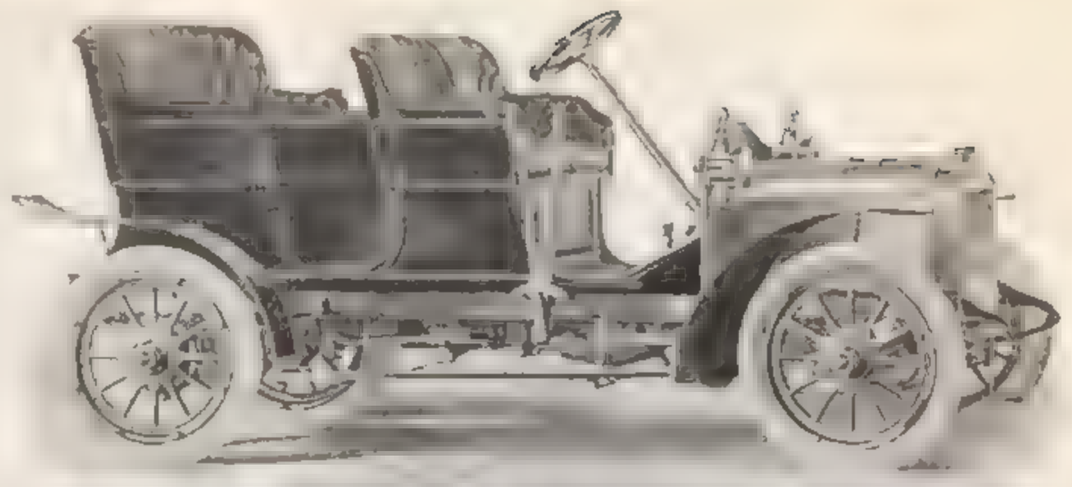
He was standing, legs wide apart, on the hearth-rug, and glared at his niece as she wheeled around for her usual Parthian shot.

"It's rather a pity that he does not happen to be Muhammed any more, isn't it, Runkle?" she cried spitefully; "that he never was Muhammed, but always Harry English, Harry English, Harry English, who never was dead at all!"

She closed the door with a slam upon a picture of her uncle's suddenly stricken face, of Lady Aspasia's swift advance toward him with outstretched hands.

"She'll manage him!" said Baby to herself with a sobbing giggle as she ran down the dark passage.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Autocar

The Car of Simplicity

The Autocar stands as a triumph in automobile building. Its construction combines with greatest efficiency and durability a simplicity that is the wonder of all who see it. This is a feature that commends itself alike to the novice and the expert. It means minimum liability of derangement, greatest ease and safety of operation, and lowest running expense. Each type of Autocar represents the nearest to perfection in its class. Every Autocar is built upon lines proven correct by experience; built of absolutely the best material, and with the best workmanship procurable.

Autocar records of actual performance bear out the claim that for good day-in-and-day-out, up-hill-and-down service, for durability and freedom from annoyance, the Autocar is unsurpassed.

The new car, Type XI, illustrated above, shows a number of very valuable improvements, accomplishing increased ease of control, safety, and simplicity.

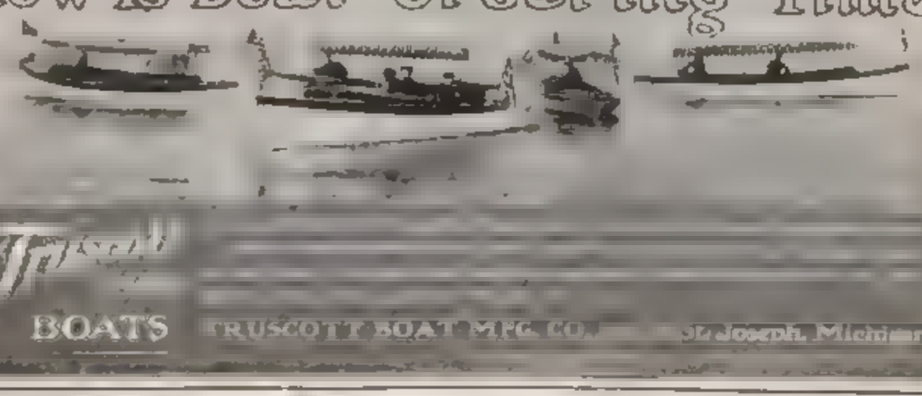
Type VIII, Four-passenger car, Rear Entrance Tonneau, $1400, and Type X, Ten H. P. Runabout, $900, are the cars which have made the present reputation of the Autocar—to which the new Type XI will surely add.

*Write for catalogue and dealer's name*

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member A. L. A. M.

Now Is Boat Ordering Time

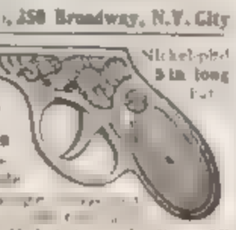


Truscott BOATS TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO. St. Joseph, Michigan

John T. McCutcheon's
Bird Center Etiquette
Social Hit of Year in Card Games.
50 Cts. Everywhere
or direct from
HOME GAME CO., Chicago

"LAST-IN" LATEST CRAZE
Game and Puzzle Combined
*Everybody is playing it*
Watch your chance and win by being "Last-In"
Game and full directions sent postpaid for 10 cts. in silver. Dealers write at once for special prices.
NITSAL NOVELTY CO. (Room 501), 258 Broadway, N.Y. City

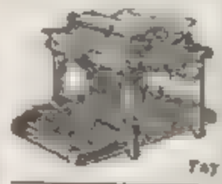
U. S. A.
LIQUID PISTOL
Nickel-plated 5 in. long



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.
to carry without danger
No permission required. Over 10 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail 50c. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.
Parker, Stearns & Sutton, 321 South St., New York, U. S. A.

THE GAME IN WALL STREET
And How to Play It Successfully. A complete exposé of Wall Street methods and how thousands of men have made money; illustrated with charts and diagrams. The most original and complete work ever published on Wall Street. This is a revelation to the average man and will show him how fortunes have been made. 12mo, 100 pages. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $1. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price.
Address all orders to J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 57 Rose Street, New York.

LE PAGE'S GLUE Strongest in the World
Mends anything. Always ready. Strong enough for Furniture, China, Ivory, Books, Leather, and wherever a strong adhesive is desired. The bottle or collapsible self sealing tube (with its cap) mailed for 15c. if your dealer hasn't our line.
LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE
Large size retails for 25c. by mail 35c.
LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE
Large size retails for 25c. by mail 35c.
RUSSIA CEMENT CO., 131 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.



BIG CLEARING SALE TYPEWRITERS
Fifty cents on the dollar. Easy Payments.
half original cost. Supplies at half price. Agents wanted. Send for free catalog.
Fay Typewriter Co., 194 Rose St., Chicago, Ill.

EUROPE by Clark
New S. S. CALEDONIA, 9,400 Tons. Specially Chartered. July 1st. $245
Exceptional advantages. Feb 2. Many other Tours
FRANK C. CLARK, 113 Broadway, NEW YORK.

# Book of the £1,000 KODAK Exhibition

Containing reproductions of over sixty pictures from the recent London Competition.

By mail or at the Kodak Dealers.

25 Cents.

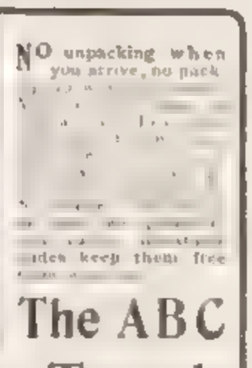
The illustrations mark the marvelous progress of the Kodak in pictorial work. The modest little book which contains them shows the loving touch of the master printer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*Ask for free circular of the 1905 Kodak Competition. Prizes, $1,000.*

Rochester, N. Y.

NO unpacking when you arrive, no pack



ades keep them free

The ABC Wardrobe Trunk

is the one perfect [illegible] and women. Every article in it is [illegible]. No trays to lift — drawers for everything. It is a lifetime

Price $35.00 and Upwards

[illegible]

Abel & Bach Company,
Largest Makers of Trunks and Bags in the World
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Insist on having this mar[illegible] Trunk, Suit Case or Bag you buy. It is your guarantee of quality, style and durability

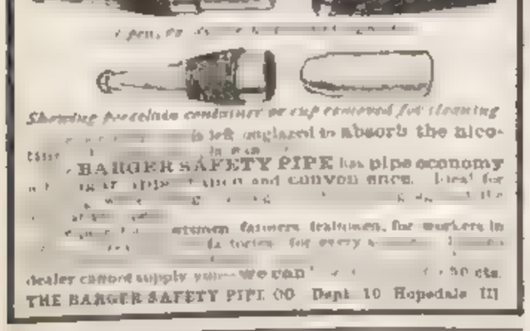
ABC



You can Safely Smoke in a Powder Magazine with a

BARGER SAFETY PIPE

This wonderful cigar shaped pipe stops [illegible]. Its convenience, safety, and cleanliness are the [illegible]



*Showing porcelain condenser or cup removed for cleaning*

[illegible] is left unglazed to absorb the nicotine [illegible]

BARGER SAFETY PIPE has pipe economy [illegible] and cannot [illegible]. Ideal for [illegible] firemen, farmers, trainmen, for workers in [illegible] factories, for every [illegible]

dealer cannot supply you—we can [illegible] 50 cts.

THE BARGER SAFETY PIPE CO. Dept. 10 Hopedale Ill



# Pears'

Pears' Soap is not medicated: just good, pure soap. Contains no free alkali to injure the delicate texture of the skin.

Matchless for the complexion.

Established in 1789


# The Works of Plupy Shute

## By Henry A. Shute

**Author of Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First**

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, —— 18—

DEAR BEANY, I wish i cood come down and see you. it is prety tirsome here now and they aint mutch to do xcept to go in swiming and going up to Pews and then up to Whacks and Fattys and doing the same old things. Alf Killum is up to Whacks. he is a city feller but he is a prety good feller for all that. i tell you Beany a city feller dont have mutch chance to know mutch. i gess he don't live in a very big city becaus he is a prety good butterfly hunter and birdsegger today i coodent find enuf fellers to go in swiming. Fatty and parson Otis was to the beach and Billy Swett was there two and all the Chadwicks had went away somewhere and Ed Tole never goes in swiming and if he did i coodent go down there enyway and Mister Purington Pews father wont let Pewt go with me now becaus he says i get Pewt into scrapes. jest think of it he [illegible] he don't know Pewt as well as we [illegible] since Mister Head licked Pewt when [illegible] you rung his doorbell they have thaugt me and you was tuff nuts and Pewt was all rite. i gess if i was to tell some things i know about Pewt they woodent think i cood hurt him mutch. so i had to go in swiming alone i read a buly story in a book one day about a feller living among the indians and the little indians wood go in swiming and play they was mushrats and beevers and dive down and get roots and clams and things and i trade it and it was fun. I div down to the bottum and got some blew clay and some lily roots and fresh water clams and then i wood swim to the bank with them and squat down in the sun like a mushrat and then i wood swim out dog paddle as eesy as i cood like a mushrat and then turn up and dive down for some more, and it was buly. bimeby when i was down to the bottum digging up some clay I hapened to think what if i shood got cought in a steel trap down there and how feerful it wood be to pull and yank and goggle and i tell you I come up lively and swum to the bank as if a snaping tirtle was after me. aint it funny how scart a feller can get sometimes about something he knows aint there. when are you coming home. wright soon

Yours very respectively

PUPPY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

*Dear Beany*, I havent seen Pewt for most a week and I dont know why he hasent wrote you. Pewt was mad becaus Fatty didnt ask him to join the nigger minstrel show. we are going to have it in Fattys barn and we are practising hard. Fatty is going to be interlocatioaer the feller whitch sets in the middle and asks the questions and Nibby Hartwell is the end man on one end and Billy Swett the other and Pop Clark makes a speach and i have got to sing a song i shall sing shue fly or the feller that looks like me. It is going to be a big show. i havent got enny time to wright enny more.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectively,

PUPPY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

*Dear Beany*, the fellers treeted me prety meen. they have put me out of the show Nibby Hartwell wanted to sing the feller that looks like me and i had learned it and cood sing it better than Nibby cood. Nibby cant sing enny more than a cow but Fatty said he was the interlocatioaer and it was his to say whitch shood sing and i said that if Nibby sung i wouldent and so Fatty he said i cood get out for it was his barn and he broke up the show and so i got out. i went and saw Tady Finton and Skinny Bruce and Jack Melvin and Mike Connell and Bob Bruce and told them Fatty and Nibby Hartwell said they was one show which dident have enny paddys in it and they was mad and said they wood paint time out of them and o Beany Nibby got 3 lickings that afternoon, and Fatty got 2 yesterday. Tady

Editor's Note—This is the third of six installments of the letters of Plupy to Beany, by Judge Shute. The fourth will be published in an early number.

# "Sleep with the window open."

This latest hygienic advice and the "purity of night air" are now much talked of.

Whether correct or not, the advice can be safely, comfortably followed where the house is warmed with

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

Buildings are not commonly so tightly built as to keep out all the air needed for the occupants. Our way of heating, however, surely changes the air by ventilation as many times per hour as is necessary to meet the health requirements of the occupants of a home, [illegible], school, church, etc. The air is kept uniformly warm and draughts are prevented. No drudgery — no ashes, dirt or coal gases throughout the house

Our booklet, "Heating Investments Successful" is worth reading, whether your house is OLD or new, SMALL or large, farm or city.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 28. CHICAGO

Broken view of Direct-Indirect or ventilating Radiator, showing fresh-air supply coming from outside.



# Lea & Perrins' Sauce

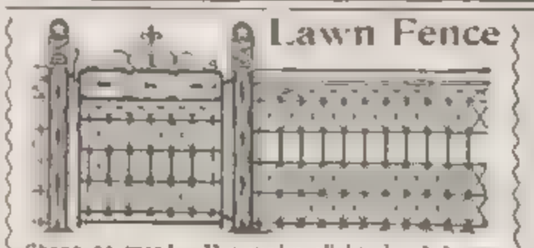
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

Rare piquancy is given to Chafing Dish cooking by using LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE as a seasoning. Welsh Rarebit, Lobster a la Newburg, Mushroom Saute, Stewed Terrapin, etc., to be perfect must have at least a dash of it. It adds enjoyment to every dinner.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York





Lawn Fence

Cheap as wood—We make all kinds of Lawn, Farm, Park and Cemetery Fence, also steel Ranges. I sell direct to consumer at manufacturers prices. Catalogue Free.

UP-TO-DATE MFG. CO., No. 937 No. Tenth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Agents Wanted to sell our [illegible] glass lamp chimneys [illegible] to the [illegible]

L. C. JANES & CO. Real Estate Trust Bldg. Philadelphia, Pa.



I pay from $1 to $1000 for thousands of rare American and foreign coins, stamps and paper money. Especially wanted, over 120 different issues, dated between 1849 1[illegible] for a great many of which I pay as high as $100 per coin, for the older, rare issues before 1849 I pay much higher prices. [illegible]

OLD COINS WANTED

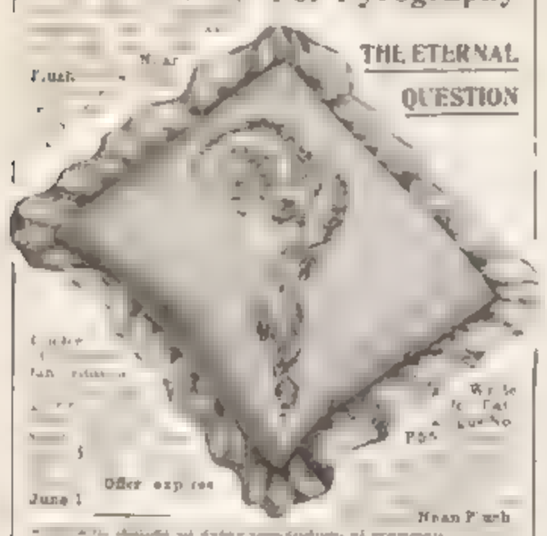
and 05 coins and medals brought over $35,000. The *Journal* states that Mr Castle paid $1400 for a single stamp, and the *Telegr* that a Galveston man found a coin worth $5000. If you are interested in large legitimate profits send two stamps for 4 page Illustrated Circular and make a few thousands quietly

W. von Bergen, Scollay Square, B. Boston, Mass.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS Perfect and reliable. Used by Official Stenographers. Only 50c. each. Carbon Paper 25c. per Doz., $1.75 per 100. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free delivery in U. S. PEMBERTON LAW STATIONERY CO., 11 to 19 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass.

# Gibson Pillow Top

For Pyrography




SPECIAL OFFER

Outfit No. 97 $2.50 Outfit $1.65

TRADE MARK For sale by your dealer or sent by us C. O. D. for examination. Outfits and supplies at all prices shown in our Catalogue P 38. Write for it to-day.

THAYER & CHANDLER
160-164 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
*Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World*

# PEEP O'DAY

NORTHRUP, KING & CO.'S
SENSATIONALLY EARLY, NEW
SWEET CORN

is ten days to two weeks earlier than any other variety. The tenderest, juiciest, sweetest and most productive sweet corn ever grown. Suited to all soils and climates. Every private and market garden should have it.

*For 16c in stamps*

1905 Pictured as described above

*Genuine Peep O'Day is sold only in sealed packages bearing our name, trade mark and seal*

Northrup, King & Co.
21 NORTHRUP, KING BLDG.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



*At St. Louis a GRAND PRIZE was awarded on Vegetables, the Products of*

# Burpee's Seeds

**If you garden you want THE BEST**

and we shall be pleased to mail you

**Burpee's Farm Annual for 1905**

an elegant *new book of 178 pages*, which tells the plain truth, with hundreds of illustrations, beautiful colored plates, and describes *Superb Novelties* of unusual merit. *Write to-day!* A postal card will do, while it is sufficient to address simply

**Burpee, Philadelphia**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
The World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade



WEDDING INVITATIONS ANNOUNCEMENTS
Calling Cards, Engraved or Printed in strictly high grade style, guaranteed. Samples
McCLURE, DETROIT, MICH.


licked him ferst and then Skinny and Mike Connell both licked him together. so i guess i am even with them. i dont care for there old show enyway. i had ruther ride horse back. i rode Mister Heads horse yesterday all the afternoon. i made him gallop good i tell you

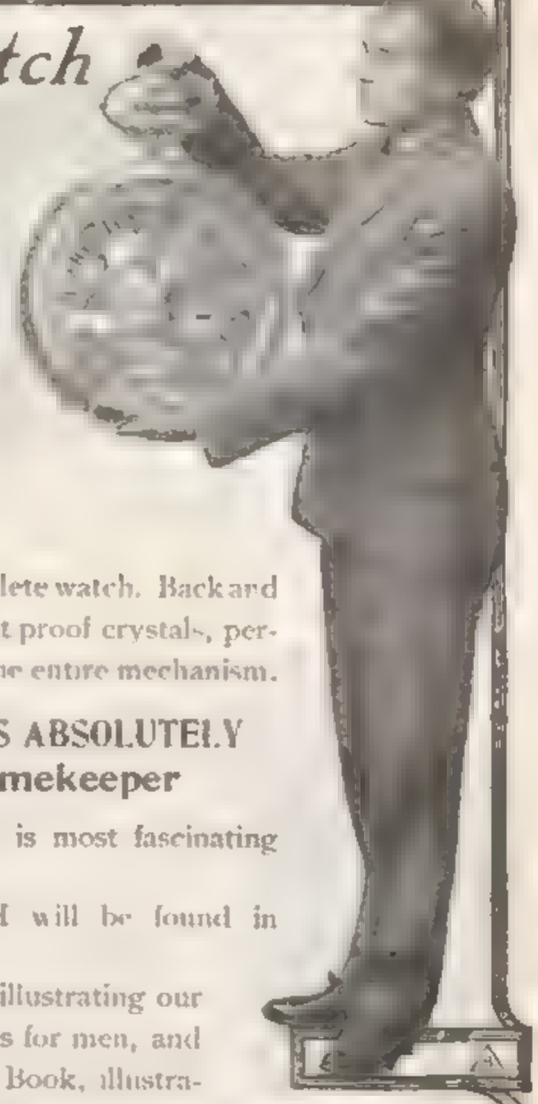
Wright soon

Yours very respectively

[illegible] NEW HAMPSHIRE [illegible]

*Dear Beany*, brite and fair. I forgot when i wrote that. i gess i was thinking of some thing else. this is the last sheet of paper i have got and Cele says she wont give me enny more of hers. she says i have had most half of it already. well Beany i have had a great time sence i wrote my last letter you know i told you Fatty was going to have a party. well he had it last Thursday in his yard. Keene and Cele went all dressed up and Genny Morrison and all the girls and all the fellers two but me and Pewt and Skinny and Tady and Diddley Colket and Clutter Robinson and some of the other fellers which had ruther fite and rase time and ring door-bells than to go to partys and talk to the girls. well i got mister Head to let me rade his horse and when the party was all out in Fattys yard playing croky i rode by jest galoping lickety and i cood see them all looking at me. then i went round by Maple street and Elm street and licked the horse and then held him in and he danced up the street jest like your fathers horse and the fellers in the party all hollered at me and i cood see that they was mad with me becaus i cood ride so good and then i leened over the horses neck and yelled and went up Front street jest as fast as he cood go. then i turned round and come back slow and i dug my heels into the horses side and held in tite with the webbings and he curved his neck and foined at the mouth jest like Johny Gibsons horse in the fair and when i got in frunt of Fattys yard i stoped and sat on the horse and looked at the party sorter sconsful and they pretended not to see me and kept on playing croky but i cood see them looking at me sideways and they coodent hit a ball or go thru a wicket and then i was jest leening over the horses neck agen and was starting to go of galoping when somebody, i think it was Beany, let ding at me with a slingshot and hit my horse and he give a feerful gump and kicked up and throwed me rite over his head down whak on the ground. Well you had aught to heard them holler and laff. i was so ashamed that i never wanted to get up agen and i thaugt if they thaugt i was dead they wooden laff so much. so i laid still for a minit and i heard Whack say i gess that nocked some of the sence out of him and then Fatty said i dident never have enny sence, and Keene she said i had more than Fatty ever had and Cele she said so two and then i kind of trode to get up and fell back and groned and they all come piling over the fense to see if i was dead and o Beany you had aught to see those girls shin ning over the fense. well they got hold of me


# Heartsease Skeleton Watch



The illustration shows the complete watch. Back and front are covered with strong, dust proof crystals, permitting an unobstructed view to the entire mechanism.

**THE SKELETON WATCH IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED as a timekeeper**

¶ THE SKELETON WATCH is most fascinating and novel in its construction.

¶ THE SKELETON WATCH will be found in every way satisfactory.

¶ The New England Red Book, illustrating our complete line of watches for men, and the New England Blue Book, illustrating our complete line of Ladies' watches, are now ready and will be sent to any address on application.

FOR SALE BY ALL JEWELERS

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH COMPANY
OFFICES
37-39 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City
131-137 Wabash Ave., Chicago
San Francisco, Spreckels Building

# EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of **Our New Catalogue for 1905** — the most beautiful and instructive horticultural publication of the day — **186 pages — 700 engravings — 6 superb colored plates — 6 duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.**

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer

## Every Empty Envelope
**Counts as Cash.**

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue AND ALSO SEND FREE OF CHARGE,

**Our famous 50c. "HENDERSON" COLLECTION of SEEDS,**

containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Pansies, Mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, Mixed; Big Boston Lettuce; Henderson's Excelsior Tomato and New plus ultra Radish* in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

NORRIS GAME OF
# BASEBALL
All the Family can Play It

50c at your dealer's, or sent postpaid with copy of National Rules if you mention your dealer's name.
GEO. G. NORRIS CO., 170 Summer Street, Boston

Made of Clear Amazon Nutria

# Hats for Men

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats have the superb Vellum Finish which is characteristic of the finest product of the C. & K. shop only.

The best hatters sell Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt DeLuxe $6 hats.

Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO
840 Broadway, New York

AGENTS

[illegible] to represent the Keystone line [illegible] permanent profitable occupation. Previous experience not required. The

KEYSTONE

Fire Extinguisher

[illegible] can be carried in addition [illegible] value insurance interests. Write [illegible] day for full particulars

JAMES BOYD & BROTHER
[illegible] St., Philadelphia

Manufacturers of
FIRE PROTECTION EQUIPMENT, Fire Hose, Hose Couplings, Hose Pipes, etc.

JIU JITSU

The Wonderful Japanese Method of Attack and Self Defense by which the weak defeat the strong [illegible]

The reading of this book and [illegible] easy to make you master of the secrets of JIU JITSU. Sent by mail on receipt of $1.00.

JIU JITSU, described with simple [illegible] with many photographs from life. [illegible]

JIU JITSU [illegible] Captain Skinner gives [illegible] various positions [illegible]

Captain Skinner's book is a masterpiece. It ranks in letter press and pictures of this remarkable science.—*Truthful.*

JAPAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. O, American Tract Society Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Luxurious Smoking

*French's Mixture* [illegible] carefully selected and perfectly cured.

SMOKE

*French's Mixture* is [illegible] direct from factory to smoker cannot be bought of dealers. *Large sample package for 10 cents, either in stamps.* Ask for booklet

FRENCH TOBACCO CO.
Dept. P, Statesville, N. C.

SNEAK THIEVES FOILED SET OUR LOCK

[illegible] Windows [illegible] Thieves [illegible]

[illegible] $1.00 per dozen [illegible]

15 cts

Holland Safety Lock Company

AGENTS WANTED

P O Box 1852 Boston, Mass

and lifted me up and i groned agen and said where am i and they said you have fell from your horse and i said i havent been on enny horse and our side wood have beat if Clitter Robinson hadent plaid peanuts and kicked the ball over the gool and Keene said he dont know what he is talking about and thinks he is playing football and she and Cele begun to ball and then Genny Morrison said to take me into the house and the fellers lifted me and begun to lug me along and i said i remember now and i asked where they was tak[illegible] said they was taking me [illegible] dont take me there. i aint good enuf to go into Fattys house and i tride to walk and groned agen. well they lugged me in and laid me on the sofa and Fattys mother come in and got some cold water and put it on my head and i was ashamed enuf to play it on her but i had to then. well then i said i felt better and [illegible] walk home and i tride to and [illegible] and held on to the side [illegible] floor and Fatty said dont go Plupy [illegible] come out in the yard and have some [illegible] and i said i dont want to go [illegible] invited and Fatty he said i was invited, and then i said I dident want to spoil ennybodys good time and they all said they wood all have a good deal better time if i stard and so at last i said i wood stay if Billy Swett wood go down to my house and tell mother i was all rite so she would [illegible] and Aunt Sarah two, and [illegible] back all rite and Tomtit [illegible] wood go but i knew he wood tell so big a story that they wood be scart to deth and woodent let me stay to the party. well Beany i went out in the garden and set in a [illegible] and [illegible] and the girls wated on me and i was the biggest man there, and when i saw the fellers was getting mad becaus the girls kep coming to ask me if i wanted enny more, i wood tell some good story about them. if i see Fatty was mad i wood tell how he lifted me up as eesy as if i dident way enything, and if it was Boog i wood tell them how Boog stood rite up and fit John Robinson who was 2 times as big as Boog. so the fellers thaugt i was bully and the girls two. Fatty he said he dident know i was such a good feller and he aint going to have enny more partys unless he invites me. 2 or 3 times i fo got and most gumped out of my door but i thaugt in time and groned [illegible] set down agen and gritted my [illegible] nobody wood ask if it hurt me very bad and i said o no i gess i can stand it and then i gritted my teeth some more and breethed hard, and they wanted to get me some water and i said no dont go into [illegible] to truble about [illegible] and they give me [illegible] by when the party was ove Fatty [illegible] to take me home in his wagon but i [illegible] i cood walk and i limped home. i tell you Beany I had the best time in my life only i had to limp 2 or 3 days more so peeple woodent know i plaid it on them

Wright soon

Yours very respectively PUPPY

## GEOGRAPHICAL LIMERICKS

By R. H. B.

*A Utah Romance*

A Maiden who lived out in Ut
Was coached by a swell English Tt.,
But her Popper had gold,
And quickly, I'm told,
In Ut. the Tt. turned St

*In Difficulties*

A Chap who resided in Del
Was heard to observe, "I am wel.
Silk stockings are chic,
But if each leg is a stick,
Why, then, what the deuce can a fel.?"

*With the J.*

There lived in La Salle, Ill.,
A Maiden yclept Lill.
She played Chopin by ear,
And adored Meyerbeer,
But said Wagner was just sil[illegible]

*See-Saw*

A Carpenter's Daughter in Ark
Went out for a walk after dark
A Man sawing wood·
Said she, "You're no good,
Gosh! You just oughter see how my [illegible]

The Style Book

For Spring and Summer, 1905

STYLE is the essential thing in clothes; the key of the whole business; our most important fact.

Most men couldn't tell what is stylish to save their lives; they want their clothes correct; never mind how or why.

We give lots of time and money and brains to making sure that our clothes are correct.

It is not a mechanical process; not making a garment like a model; it is creating the model. Months before use, a trial garment is made; studied on a living model, discussed, criticised; a hundred details examined by our designers. Sometimes no less than a dozen trial garments must be made before it is pronounced right.

But in the end it is right; correct; we know it's right. Then we make the clothes; as good as they are right; no use wasting all that effort on poor stuff.

It is this preliminary work which gives our clothes their distinctive style-character; the exclusive quality of genius; it cannot be described; nor imitated.

The Style Book is its epitome; not to show the process, but the results of it; a guide to men's correct dress, in clothes, hats, shoes, neckwear; many men use it so; it represents something besides a desire to have you buy our clothes.

The Spring Style Book will be ready in March; we are taking advance orders for it now; sent for six cents. It will be as unusual in its artistic merit as our former Style Books. You'll be glad to have it for the cover alone.

Hart Schaffner & Marx, Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

The best that money can buy.

"Speedway" Gasolene Launches and Motor Cars.

Send 10c in Stamps for Catalogue

GAS ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY and CHARLES L. SEABURY CO., Consolidated
Morris Heights, New York City

Members of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers

Downtown Office, 11 Broadway. Chicago Office, 1400 Michigan Avenue.

A young man in New Jersey worked in his mother's fish market and wanted to get into a more congenial business where the income would be much greater. He was advised to become an ad. writer, where $25 to $100 a week is possible.

Within one year he had made his mark and secured a dozen advertisers as customers. Later another Powell graduate joined him, and to-day their combined net income is not far from $8,000.00 a year. This is an example of the great good I am doing.

One of the proprietors of a famous New York City cafe—where $100,000 was recently spent on mere decoration—enrolled as a Powell student, and has gladly testified that my system of Correspondence Instruction is the greatest aid in the world to business men.

Results like these do much toward explaining why the Powell System has completely superseded all other methods and why it is universally considered the "survival of the fittest"—why BEST.

I have two valuable free books to send ambitious young men and women who want to increase their salaries, and to business men who want to increase their incomes—

My elegant new Prospectus and "Net Results," the most instructive works of their kind, with the most remarkable facsimile proof ever published.

Simply address me for the free copies by early mail, George H. Powell, 1446 Temple Court, New York.

On His Feet - - Making Money

FRANKLIN, VIRGINIA, Dec 19, 1904

MR GEO H POWELL, NEW YORK N Y

Dear Sir — It is a matter of impossibility for me to express what I ... system of Advertising Instruction ... done for me, and I do not hesitate to say that your course will ... teaches any one intelligently how to place him or her in position in the front ranks of business. In the first place, the instruction sheets are simple and interesting, and also of a person learn ... In the next ...

The Powell Sy... give it ... with you the power to success in your work of bringing an... citizens into the front. I wish to thank you for your personal interest in my business since I have ... your course.


# THE KEYS OF EDEN

[illegible]

light the moon of romance sheds in competition with the living sun." He shrugged his broad shoulders, laughing: "The contrast between the heroine of that romance and you proves which is the lovelier, reality or romance——"

She bit her lips and looked at him narrowly, the high color pulsating and dying in her cheeks. Under cover of the very shield that should have protected her he was using weapons which she herself had sanctioned—the impalpable weapons of romance.

Dusk too, had already laid its bloom on hill and forest and had spun a haze along the stream—dusk, the accomplice of all the dim, jeweled forms that people the tinted [illegible] of romance. Why—if he had displeased her [illegible] she not dismiss him? It is not with a question that a woman gives a man his conge.

"Why do you speak as you do?" she asked gravely. "Why, merely because you are clever, do you twist words into compliments. We are scarcely on such a footing, monsieur."

"What I said I meant," he replied slowly. "Have I accorded you permission to say or mean?"

"No, that is the fashion of romance—a pretty one. But in life, sometimes, a man's heart beats out the words his lips deliver untricked with verbal tinsel."

Again she colored, but met his eyes steadily enough.

"This is all wrong," she said, "you know it; I know it. If, in the woman standing here alone with you, I scarcely recognize myself, you, monsieur, will fail to remember her—if chance wills it that we meet again."

"My memory," he said in a low voice, "is controlled by your mind. What you forget I cannot recall."

She said impulsively, "A gallant man speaks as you speak—in agreeable books of fiction as in reality. Oh, monsieur"—and she laughed a pretty, troubled laugh—"how can you expect me now to disbelieve in my Americans of romance?"

She had scarcely meant to say just that; she did not realize exactly what she had said until she read it in his face—read it, saw that he did not mean to misunderstand her, and, in the nervous flood of relief, stretched out her hand to him. He took it, laid his lips to the fragrant fingers, and relinquished it. Meanwhile his heart was choking him like the clutch of justice.

"Good-by," she said, her outstretched hand suspended as he had released it, then slowly falling. A moment's silence; the glow faded from the sky, and from her face too; then suddenly the blue eyes glimmered with purest malice.

"Having neglected to bring your ladder this time, monsieur, pray accept the use of mine." And she pointed to a rustic ladder lying half-buried in the weedy tangle behind him.

He gave himself a moment to steady his voice: "I supposed there was a ladder here—somewhere," he said quietly.

"Oh! And why did you suppose——" She spoke too hurriedly, and she began again pleasantly indifferent: "The foresters use a ladder for pruning, not for climbing walls, monsieur."

He strolled over to the thicket, lifted the light ladder, and set it against the wall. When he had done this he stepped back, examining the effect attentively; then, as though not satisfied, shifted it a trifle, surveyed the result, moved it again, dissatisfied.

"Let me see," he mused aloud, "I want to place it exactly where it was that night——" He looked back at her interrogatively. "Was it about where I have placed it?"

Her face was inscrutable.

"Or," he continued thoughtfully, "was it an inch or two this way? I could tell exactly if the moon were up. Still"—he considered the ladder attentively—"I might be able to fix it with some accuracy if you would help me. Will you?"

"I do not understand," she said.

"Oh, it is nothing—still, if you wouldn't mind aiding me to settle a matter that interests me—would you?"

"With pleasure, monsieur," she said indifferently. "What shall I do?"

So he mounted the ladder, crossed the wall, and stood on a stone niche on his side, looking down at the ladder. "Now," he

COLUMBIA automobiles are wholly made in our own works, insuring that uniformity of excellence in design, materials and workmanship which has built up the Columbia name and reputation. The COLUMBIA line for 1905 includes 35-40 H. P. 4-cylinder Gasoline Cars with Side Entrance Tonneau, Royal Victoria, Landaulet, or Limousine bodies, $4,000 to $5,500; 18 H. P. 2-cylinder Gasoline Side Entrance Tonneau, $1,750; 12-14 H. P. 2-cylinder Gasoline Tonneau, $1,500; Electric Victoria-phaeton with hood and "de luxe" features throughout, the handsomest and most efficient light electric carriage ever offered to the public, $1,350; light Electric Runabout, $900; Electric Town Carriages of the coach class and Commercial Vehicles.

We issue three catalogues describing respectively Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Delivery Wagons and Trucks. Both in print and in illustration these are the most artistic automobile books ever distributed.
In writing please state which Catalogue is desired.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
HARTFORD CONN.
NEW YORK CHICAGO
BOSTON

A Bookkeeper
An Insurance Solicitor
And a Manufacturer's Agent

Are all making money in addition to their regular income by securing patronage to ... Agency Service at hours outside of their regular occupation. Address, stating age, occupation, etc., Supt. of Agents.

THE MARTINDALE MERCANTILE AGENCY
397 Broadway, New York

PATENT SECURED
... Fee Returned ... FREE opinion as to patentability. What to Invent ... Highest References ... Best Results.
EVANS, WILKINS & CO., 647 F St., Washington, D. C.

BOYS' NAMES WANTED

The Star Monthly wants ... and addresses of boys who ... Circulation of over 150,000 each issue. Every issue contains Fascinating Boy Stories, handsome Illustrations, Departments of Amateur ... Curios, Puz... If you are not a subscriber ...

Star Monthly, Oak Park, Ills.

LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL. Lessons prepared under the direction of Howard N. Ogden, Ph. D., LL. D., President of the ... Largest Law School ... University methods. Credit given ... first year loaned free. Send for Catalogue. Books required for the ... for cash or on small monthly payments. Send for Catalogue.
University Extension Law School, 299-301 Erie St., Chicago

SAVE ONE THIRD
BY BUYING OF THE MAKERS

We are actual manufacturers, not a "commission house." We can and do save our customers one third on retail prices by selling direct to user and cutting out all dealers' profits. All our goods carry our guarantee. Our free illustrated catalogue shows a greater assortment of carriages and harness than any dealer can show you. Send for it.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS COMPANY,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1904. My colt had ... cured lameness and took off the bunches. I used two bott... DR. L. J. KIERNAN

TOBACCO STARTER, 360 9th Ave., New York. Nov. ... lame over a year. He was not worth $10. I used ... Save the Horse" and he has gone sound ever since. I have driven him twenty-five miles in one day and would not now take $250 for the animal.
WILLIAM MILLER

$5.00 per bottle. Written guarantee—as binding to protect you as the best legal talent could make it. Send for "Spavin Cure" and booklet.

"Save the Horse" Permanently Cures Spavin, Ringbone (except low Ring bone), Curb, Thoroughpin, Splint, Blood Spavin, Wind Puff, Injured Tendons ... all forms of lameness. Horse may work as usual. Cures at less cost of time and money than any other treatment. Horse may work as usual.

At Druggists and Dealers or Express paid. TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

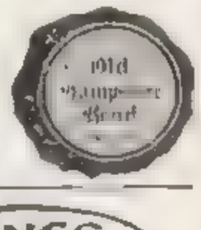
Your letters come into closer touch with inquirers and intending buyers than any other form of advertising you do. Then they should be good—which means first of all that they must be written on good paper.

**OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND**

*"Look for the Water Mark"*

is good paper for letterheads and other business stationery. Many business men tell us it is the best. See for yourself. *Write us on your present letterhead* for the Book of Specimens.

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.




**4% SAVINGS DEPOSITS**

**U. S. Bonds**

PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.

BANKING BY MAIL

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
**$6,000,000.00**

**Elastic Book-cases**
are made only by
The Globe-Wernicke Co.
and only in
CINCINNATI

**One Dollar**

and upwards will open a Savings Account at 4% INTEREST with

**The Citizens Savings and Trust Co.**
Of Cleveland, Ohio

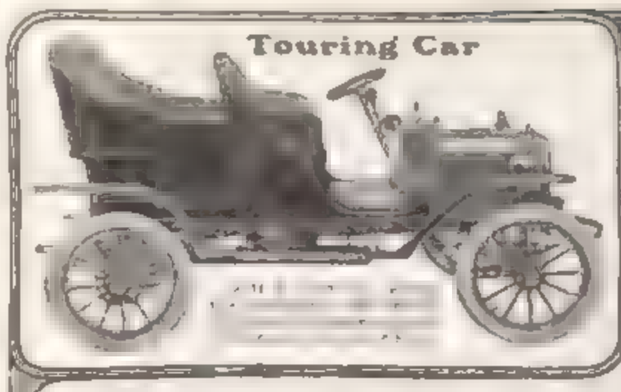
one of the largest and oldest savings banks in the country with Assets of over

**Thirty-Seven Million Dollars**

MAKE YOURSELF TALLER
GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

READ.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 16 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.




**REO**

...ks the 1905 standard of

**Utilized Power**

The engine of the Reo Touring Car not only develops more power in proportion to the weight of the car than was ever reached before, but by its superbly simple design and skillful application a much larger proportion of this power is utilized in actual speed and efficiency than is obtained from any other motor-car engine. In solving the problems of utilizing power, Mr. Olds has established in the Reo a higher standard of motor efficiency.

**The Reo runabout,** ... expert designer and builder, with ... power. If you wish to know the greatest advance yet made in motor building write for the Reo catalogue.

**The Reo Motor Car Co.**
R. M. Owen, Sales Manager
Agencies throughout the United States
Factory, Lansing, Mich. Sales Office, 135 West 38th St., New York

**Moving Picture Machines**
STEREOPTICONS
... BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public ...
One Entertainment Supply Catalog ... sent free
CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
... Department L, Chicago, Ill.

**HOLLISTER, CALIFORNIA**

... THE IMPROVEMENT CLUB, Hollister, Cal.

**ESTABROOK'S VISITING CARDS**

The Estabrook Press, 133 A Fremont St., Boston

**THE EQUITABLE**

HENRY B. HYDE
FOUNDER

J. W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT

STRONGEST IN THE WORLD

JAMES H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

**YOUR HOME,**
your family, and yourself, are the greatest interests of your life.
An adequate Endowment policy in the Equitable will provide for you if you live, will protect your family, if you die, and in either case will provide for that mortgage ---if there is one

Write for ... GAGE E. TARBELL ...

Send this Coupon for Particulars or write
THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Dept. No. 30

I ... regarding an Endowment for $ ...
Name ...
Address ...

# 3½ to 5%

can be secured from Municipal, Railroad and Public Service Corporation Bonds. The investment surplus of National Banks is placed largely in these bonds. The interest on Municipal Bonds is ***guaranteed*** by the power of taxation; interest on Railroad and Public Service Corporation Bonds must be paid ***in full*** before any dividends can be declared on any of the stock of these corporations.

Why these bonds are the safest securities there are, is explained in our booklet "Safe Investments Yielding 3½ to 5%."

*Write for it.*

**Bond purchase deposits**

To those intending to buy bonds we pay interest at 4% per annum, on deposits of $10 and up, if they buy bonds of us when their accounts reach a sufficient amount ($100 or more). The privilege of withdrawal is allowed and 3% paid upon deposits if withdrawn.

**Rudolph Kleybolte & Co**

New York Cincinnati Chicago


knowledge of it suffused her very soul with a radiance that transfigured her.

So she left him, the promise of the moon silvering the trees. And he stood there on the wall, watching the lights break out in the windows of her house—stood there while his soul drifted above the world of moonlit shadow floating at his feet.

"Smith!"

Half aroused he turned and looked down. The moonlight glimmered on Kingsbury's single eyeglass. After a moment his senses returned, he descended to the ground and peered at Kingsbury, rubbing his eyes.

With one accord they started toward the house, moving slowly, shoulder to shoulder.

"Not that I personally care," began Kingsbury. "I am sorry only on account of my country. I was, perhaps, precipitate; but I purchased one hundred and seven dolls of Mademoiselle Plessis—her private secretary——"

"What!"

"With whom," continued Kingsbury thoughtfully, "I am agreeably in love. Such matters, Smith, cannot be wholly considered by a sense of duty to one's country. Beauty and rank seldom coincide except in fiction. It appears"—he removed his single eyeglass, polished it with his handkerchief, replaced it, and examined the moon—"it appears," he continued blandly, "that it is the Countess of Semois who is—ah—so to speak, afflicted with red hair. . . . . The moon—ahem—is preternaturally bright this evening, Smith."

After a moment Smith halted and turned, raising his steady eyes to that pale mirror of living fire above the forest.

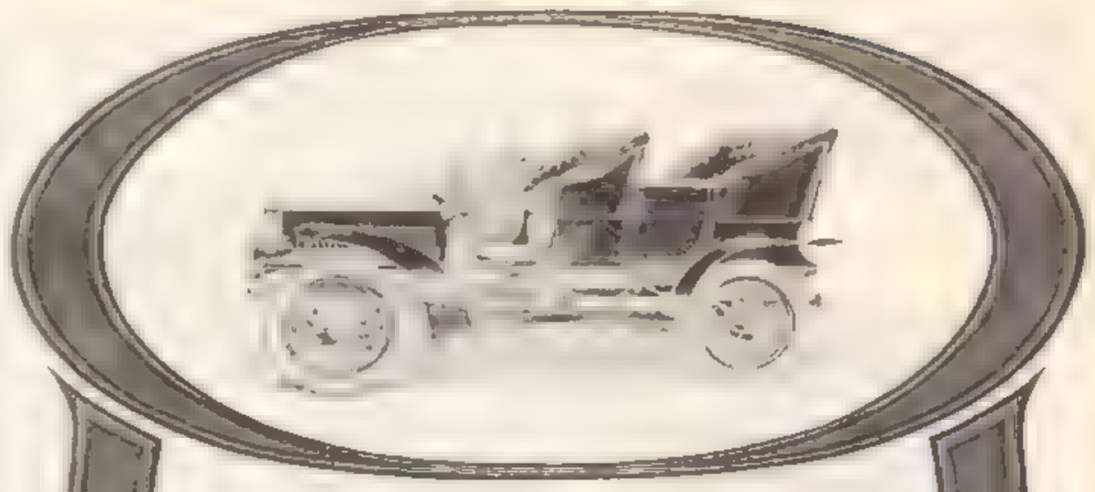
"Well," began Kingsbury irritably, "can't you say something?"

"Nothing more than I have said to her already—though she were Empress of the World!" murmured Smith, staring fixedly at the moon.

"Empress of *what*?" I do not follow you."

"No," said Smith dreamily, "you must not try to. It is a long journey to the summer moon—a long, long journey. I started when I was a child. I reached it a week ago; I returned to-night. And do you know what I discovered there? Why, man, I discovered the veil of Isis, and I looked behind it. And what do you suppose I found? A child, Kingsbury, a winged child, who laughingly handed me the keys of Eden! What do you think of that?"

But Smith had taken too many liberties with the English language, and Kingsbury was far too mad to speak.

# A New High-Power Cadillac

To enumerate the exclusive features of this magnificent new type would be to repeat the many points of excellence which have made the name CADILLAC represent all that is superior in automobile manufacture. In beauty of outline and perfection of design, it conforms closely to the most expensive foreign-built models. In appointment, in mechanical excellence, in carefulness of construction, this new

**CADILLAC**

approaches well-nigh to perfection. It is a spacious side-entrance tonneau, with divided front seat; is equipped with a non-vibrating, four cylinder engine, developing 30 h. p., and is capable of a speed of 50 miles an hour. Its ease of operation and its remarkable simplicity of control enable the driver, when running on the highest gear, to reduce the speed to that of the slowest walk by a simple movement of the hand. The Cadillac has solved the greatest problem of automobile manufacture—that of maintenance. Its wonderful simplicity and durability of construction make it the most economically kept car in the world. It rides with the comfort of a Pullman coach.

All the fineness of finish and excellence of construction and workmanship character ing our new high power car are embodied in the other Cadillac models. Write for booklet O, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.

Model D—Four-Cylinder Car, shown above, $2,800
Model B—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, $900
Model F—Side-entrance Touring Car, $950
Model E—Light, stylish, powerful runabout, divided seat, $750.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

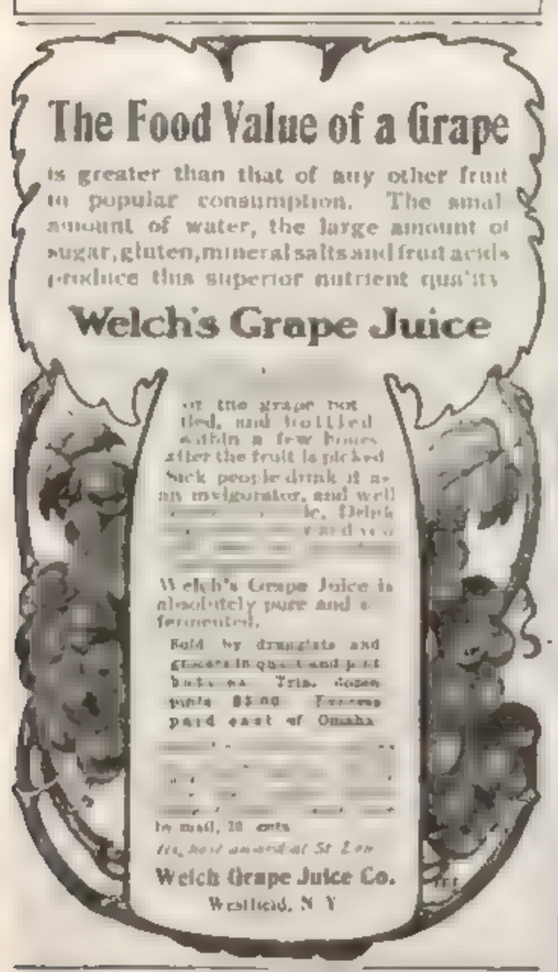
*Member Licensed*



# The Food Value of a Grape

is greater than that of any other fruit in popular consumption. The small amount of water, the large amount of sugar, gluten, mineral salts and fruit acids produce this superior nutrient quality.

**Welch's Grape Juice**



of the grape not boiled, and bottled within a few hours after the fruit is picked. Sick people drink it as they would grape-ade, and well people like it. Delightful and wholesome.

Welch's Grape Juice is absolutely pure and unfermented.

Sold by druggists and grocers in quart and pint bottles. Trial dozen pints $3.00. Express paid east of Omaha.

To mail, 10 cents.

*Its Purity awarded at St Louis*

**Welch Grape Juice Co.**
Westfield, N. Y.



# D. and C. Roses

New Guide to Rose Culture free

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. West Grove, Pa.

**You Can Hatch**
chicks at home and earn big profits.
**CYPHERS INCUBATORS**

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



# ARITHMETIC

SELF TAUGHT

you have forgotten what about Arithmetic. Prof. Spangenberg's New Method requires no teacher, 96 pages, sent prepaid on receipt of 35c in stamps. Best book ever published. Geo. A. Zerr, Publishers, 110 South 4th St., St. Louis, Mo. Established 1870.

Agents Wanted Everywhere



A Free Book About

# Incubators

For your own sake don't buy an Incubator you read our book. It is written by the man who knows most about Incubating—a man who devoted 25 years to the problem. It tells vital facts that you must know to buy wisely—facts you would not think of. It tells of Racine Incubators and Brooders, of course, but whether you buy ours or another, the facts are important. The man who writes the book made the Racine Incubator. When you learn what he knows you will want his machine, we think. The book is free—write today for it. **Remember, We Pay the Freight.** Address

**RACINE HATCHER CO., Box 98, Racine, Wis.**
Warehouses: Buffalo, Kansas City, St. Paul



# Kentucky Blue Grass SEED

Makes the most beautiful lawns and desirable pastures. Our "Lexington" brand is from fancy selected crops, fully matured, grown on the best blue grass lands, carefully cured and cleaned by most modern processes. Each bag fully tested.

Enough to sow 20 x 30 feet, postpaid $0.30
Enough to sow 30 x 60 feet, postpaid 1.10
Enough to sow 40 x 80 feet, express paid 3.75

**Special Prices on Larger Quantities**
**Flower and Garden Seeds Catalog—FREE**

DAVID R. PRICE (Est. 1884), 210 W. Short St., Lexington, Ky.



900 Foreign Stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album 10c. 60 different U. S. 10c. 300 for 25c, 500 for $1.25. 1000 for $4.75. Large list free. Agents wanted. 50% comm.

L. Crowell Stamp Co., 516 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.



# YOU CAN SUCCEED

in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell you how we did it and how we do it.

**"Poultry for Profit"**

Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for singles, pairs, trios and pens, eggs for hatching, etc. Tells all about poultry houses. It cost too much money to be given away, but is sent for 10 cents.

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 19, Freeport, Ill.



# SQUABS

There is good money in squabs. Our booklet makes squab raising easy. Tells all the facts. Explains how you can start in a small way and grow into a big business. Tells how to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 299 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**



# 60,000 Sure Hatch Incubators

Working satisfactorily night and day. Sure Hatch Incubators are the result of exhaustive patented improvements. Price of 240-egg machine, freight prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains, $10.00 (or more in proportion for larger sizes). Write for free catalog.

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.
Box 8711, Clay Center, Neb. Box 18711, Indianapolis, Ind.



## An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any one of the best of business schools in the country for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

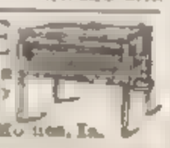
To Gas Engine Operators
Dynamo Ignition.
**Motsinger Auto-Sparker**

No battery to short or run. The original [illegible] driven by gear with engine shaft. No belts. No beveled pulley or beveled gears.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
29 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.



# ONE HATCH FREE



That's the way we sell the ROYAL. Try it free 30 days. Incubator, brooder and poultry supply catalog FREE. Poultry paper 1 year 10c.

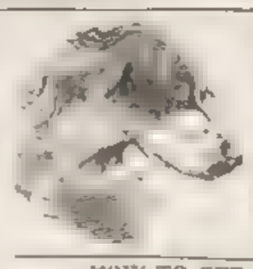
Royal Incubator Co., Drawer 39, Des Moines, Ia.

REDUCED RATES on household goods to and from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Write

SKEELS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO.
95½ Washington St., Chicago



# Have You a Dog?



We will send, if you mention this paper, Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs, How to Take Care of Them, Ben. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog, A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger, Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
836 Main St., Richmond, Va.



HOW TO GET THIS

# LAMP FREE

**Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp**

Size of pencil, takes place kerosene lamps, candles and matches. Exclusive territory to Agents, rapid seller. Send stamp for particulars.

PREMIER MFG. CO.
Dept. 13. 39 Park Place, New York



# CITY & ROAD SALESMEN

Men and Women can make $5 to $10 per day selling our SANITARY COFFEE and TEA MAKER to wholesale, large retail Grocery, Tea and Coffee and Department Stores. Made of aluminum. Fits any pot. Good Coffee or Tea every time or no sale. Sells on sight.

[illegible] 75c [illegible] 50c [illegible] 35c [illegible] $1.00

Liberal proposition.

THE WISCONSIN MFG. CO.
Dept. F Manitowoc, Wis.



**GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE**

Standard bred poultry for 1905 [illegible] 60 varieties [illegible] stock and eggs, tells all about [illegible] This book only 10 cents.

S. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

**A Dainty Little BOOK** Flowers FROM

# SEEDS

Contains just what Flower Lovers want to know. It is FREE.

S. Y. HAINES SEED CO., Rives Junction, Mich.



**THE NEW METHOD INCUBATOR**

Different and dependable. Hatches more and stronger chicks than any other. Catalog, 2-cent stamp.

New Method Incubator Co., Box 40, Morrow, O.



# PATENTS

No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.



# COME HERE!

[illegible] Your physicians will agree. Booklet free.

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

For Salads

McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

IT will surprise you how delicious a dash or two of McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce will make your salads, soups, roasts, etc. Try it once and you will realize why it has been in use nearly half a century in the leading hotels and restaurants and by the best families throughout the land.

Besides giving a spicy, piquant flavor, it creates a keen appetite and insures good digestion.

*Ask your dealer for*

McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce

The Original

Free Booklet of new recipes on request.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO, New Iberia, La.



FAMABELLA HAVANA CIGARS ARE THE PERFECTION OF BLENDS

Made in nine sizes from the finest tobacco. Try the Famabella, "Puritanos" size, ten cent straight.

"Conchas" size, three for twenty-five cents. If not on sale in your City, we'll supply you direct.

The names of the Presidents and their Cabinets from Washington to Roosevelt up to date are contained in a beautifully illustrated booklet that we will send you FREE, on request.

THE INDEPENDENCE CO., Dep't. "D," Detroit, Mich.

AND

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Pocket Electric Light (like cut) | $1.00 |
| Telephones, complete | $2.50 to 5.98 |
| Door-Bell Outfit, complete | 1.00 |
| Telegraph Outfits | 2.00 |
| Home Medical Batteries | $1.00 to 5.00 |
| Battery Motors | 75c. to 12.00 |
| Bicycle Electric Lamps | 3.50 |
| Electric Hall and Porch Lamps | 2.00 |
| Electrical Carriage Lamps | 5.00 |
| Water Motor and Dynamo | 10.00 |
| 1-2 h. p. Direct Current Motor | 25.00 |
| Miniature Electric Railways | 3.25 |
| Electric Scarf Pin | 1.50 |

J. W. SCRIBNER & CO., 227 Niagara St., Tonawanda, N. Y.

Our Free Catalogue describes many other electrical novelties.

We promptly refund money if dissatisfied.

AGENTS WANTED

These novelties sell on sight and are easily shown. Everybody is interested. We want good, live agents in every place, big or small. Particulars for a postal. Write to-day.

Study the UTOPIA YARN BOOK. 128 pages of instructions,—beautifully illustrated. Written by "One of long experience." Directions proven by actual test to be absolutely correct. The edition de luxe of yarn books. A primer for the beginner, an encyclopedia for all. Price only 25c. Order from your dealer or send 25c. in stamps to Manufacturers of Utopia Yarns, 58 Mercer St., N. Y.

UTOPIA YARNS have gained a reputation for softness, elasticity, evenness of thread and permanency of color, and always give satisfaction

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

More than 30,000 appointments made last year. Chances better than ever. Thousands we prepared have been appointed. Established 1893. Work confidential. No political influence needed. Common school education sufficient. Full particulars free concerning positions, salaries, examinations (held soon in every State), sample questions, etc.

National Correspondence Institute 19-70 Second National Bank Building Washington, D. C.



Study Shorthand

The Stepping-Stone to Advancement

THORO SHORTHAND METHOD

Hundreds of men who stand high in the business and political world owe success to the entering wedge their knowledge of shorthand gave them. My Thoro Method of teaching shorthand by mail prepares you in a few hours for money earning. Personal instruction by an expert with years of practical experience. Send for free booklet.

C. A. BEEMER, Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Send for this

Print your own cards, circulars, &c. Press $6. Small newspaper press $18. Money saver. Print for others, big profits. Typesetting easy, printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c. THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.


# Wall Street and Its Wardens

*(Concluded from Page 5)*

"Yep!"

"Do you see this?"—and Mr. Lawson peeled a $500 bill from the roll he took from his pocket.

"Yep!" said the smudgy one, lowering his voice out of respect for the money.

"Well," quoth Mr. Lawson, "hold it tight, and run with it to your mother. Tell her that it's $500, and to take it to a bank, not to a grocery, to get it changed." This last lest the local intelligence be puzzled by a $500 bill as something beyond its experience. "Now, scoot!" commanded Mr. Lawson.

The smudgy one "scooted," and the train pulled out in time to rescue Mr. Lawson from the washerwoman's gratitude, which she issued clamorously forth to express.

Speaking of gratitude, and favors remembered and returned, Mr. Keene has a record forty years old. A retired sailorman once aided Mr. Keene in California: that was twoscore years ago. Then the sailorman died. Mr. Keene cared for his children, and sent them to school. Now he sends the sailorman's grandchildren to school.

The famous lobbyist, Sam Ward, once came near enough to Mr. Keene to be of friendly use. When the lobbyist fell upon bad days it was Mr. Keene who settled upon him an income of $10,000 a year, and the beneficiary died in Italy enjoying it to the last.

On one occasion Mr. Ward told Mr. Keene that he had discovered an enterprise wherein he desired to embark. It was as sure as the Bank of England, and would make him a Monte Cristo. Mr. Ward's lips were sealed against disclosing the nature of the enterprise, even to Mr. Keene.

There was fire in the eye of Mr. Ward and a color of hope in his cheek; urged by these signs, Mr. Keene gave him $25,000. It developed later that Mr. Ward sunk every shilling with a German alchemist in efforts to turn iron into gold; in which auriferous possibility the hard-headed lobbyist believed as readily as though he were a Doctor Dee or Conan Doyle.

These strong men of money have their weak sides; they have their fads, and will spend money like water on them. Mr. Keene's weakness is the racehorse; Mr. Morgan's is pictures; the late Mr. Whitney's was rugs (he is said to have paid $35,000 for one, and the transaction would have been all right had he left the two last ciphers off the price); Mr. Brady's—of the Tobacco Trust—is black pearls; Mr. Addicks—of Bay State Gas—is emeralds; while Mr. Lawson will go in pawn to buy a ruby.

Mr. Lawson travels beyond fads, and owns to superstitions. He pins his faith to the numeral three and its multiples. His telephones are 3333 and 3339: his offices are 33 State Street; one of his pet copper mines is the Trinity; and he begins his great enterprises on the third of the month. His "big medicine," as the Indians would call it, is a chain of 333 golden beads, each with a gipsy girl's face enameled thereon; and this fetish he consults and communes with in ways known only to himself.

In concluding this highly roundabout paper on Wall Street and its wardens, I might relate, concerning Mr. Morgan, what passed somewhat under my own eyes. It began with a journalist who had a job in Philadelphia and no money to take him there. Stirred of a recklessness original and native to his breast, the stranded one wrote a note to Mr. Morgan, which ran after this vein:

> *Dear Sir:* I am a newspaper man out of work, and a desk job awaits me in Philadelphia. I have not the wherewithal to take me there. If you will send me five dollars by bearer I shall repay same out of my first wages.

This the indigent one dispatched to Mr. Morgan's office by a District Messenger boy. In twenty minutes the boy returned, and when the indigent one tore open the Drexel-Morgan envelope he bore there fluttered forth a fifty-dollar bill.

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

| | |
|---|---|
| Advertising Writer | Electrician |
| Show Card Writer | Elec. Railway Supt. |
| Window Trimmer | Elec. Lighting Supt. |
| Bookkeeper | Mechanical Engineer |
| Stenographer | Civil Engineer |
| Mechan. Draughtsman | Surveyor |
| Architectural " | Mining Engineer |
| Architect | Structural Engineer |
| Newspaper Illustrator | Building Contractor |
| Wall Paper Designer | Foreman Plumber |
| Civil Service | Gas Engineer |
| Chemist | Stationary " |
| Commercial Law | Textile Mill Supt. |

Name_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

# How A Mark in this Coupon Brought Success

R. L. Tappenden was a forge shop apprentice at $12 a week when he marked this coupon. As a result of marking the coupon he became Superintendent of the forge department of the Fore River Ship and Engine Co., of Quincy, Mass., earning over $5000 a year. Mr. Tappenden's case is but one of thousands of similar experiences of those who have realized in **this coupon** their opportunity. To fill in and mail to us the coupon above is a simple and an easy thing to do. Yet it may be the starting point to great success for you. The **I. C. S.** has made it easy for every ambitious person to reach a better position and a higher salary. You can qualify yourself in your spare time and at low cost. **Cut out, fill in and mail your coupon to-day** and we will send you full details and our booklet "1001 Stories of Success."

**Now is the time.**

The Star Safety Razor

IS THE ORIGINAL. This Safety Razor has been manufactured by Messrs. Kampfe Bros. for the past 27 years. Mechanically perfect and fully tested before leaving their establishment. Quick and accurate in its work; positively safe to use at any time or place, or under any condition; especially useful for those traveling. Compact and handy to carry in one's valise or pocket. Never pulls, and will shave the toughest beard. Does not irritate the most tender skin. Perfectly safe for the aged or nervous—no chance of nicking the face. This razor is used throughout the world. We are anxious to call your attention to the fact that there are many imitators of this razor, and in ordering be sure to see that the three stars are on the blade, and the word "STAR" on the frame of the razor.

Razor, Complete, $2.00. Handsome sets, $3.50 and up.
New Star Stropper, $1.50. Catalogue on request.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., N. Y. For all leading dealers in high class cutlery. (Remember the word "STAR.")



All dealers.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes and Massage Rollers

Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way.

*Millions in daily use throughout the world.*

It's the Flat-Ended Teeth with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Bailey's Rubber Brushes are all made this way. Mailed for price.

*Beware of Imitations.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush | $ .50 |
| Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller | .50 |
| Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush | .75 |
| Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush | 1.00 |
| Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small) | .25 |
| Bailey's Skin Food (large jar) | .50 |

If you have beauty to make or beauty to keep,
Wrinkles that are shallow or wrinkles that are deep,
Cheeks that are hollow or neck that is spare,
Bailey's Massage Roller has made *thousands fair.*

Cats. of Everything in Rubber Goods, Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.
29 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Simple—Safe—Reliable.
Always ready for use.
No uncertainty about Colt Revolvers.

Place your confidence in a Colt—
Backed by the "Colt" guarantee.

*Catalog mailed on request.*
*The Arms for sale everywhere.*

Colts Patent Firearms Manufacturing Co.
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.


# A DIARY FROM DIXIE

*(Concluded from Page 7)*

Preston's landau pass, and Mr. Venable making Mary laugh at some of his army stories, as only Mr. Venable can.

APRIL 21.—Battle after battle has occurred, disaster after disaster. Every morning's paper is enough to kill an ill woman and age a strong and hearty one.

To-day the waters of this stagnant pool were wildly stirred. The President telegraphed for my husband to come on to Richmond, and offered him a place on his staff. I was a joyful woman. It was a way opened by Providence from this Slough of Despond, this council whose counsel no one takes. I wrote to Mr. Davis, "With thanks, and begging your pardon, how I would like to go." Mrs. Preston agrees with me, Mr. Chesnut ought to go. Through Mr. Chesnut the President might hear many things to the advantage of our State, etc.

APRIL 26.—Doleful, dumps, alarm bells ringing. Telegrams say the mortar fleet has passed the forts at New Orleans. Down into the very depths of despair are we.

APRIL 27.—New Orleans gone and with it the Confederacy. That Mississippi ruins us if lost. The Confederacy has been done to death by the politicians. What wonder we are lost?

The soldiers have done their duty. All honor to the army.

MAY 24.—At the Prestons, James Chesnut induced Buck (Sally Preston) to declaim something about Joan of Arc, which she does in a manner to touch all hearts. While she was speaking my husband turned to a young gentleman who was listening to the chatter of several girls, and said: "*Ecoutez!*" The youth stared at him a moment in bewilderment; then gravely rose and began turning down the gas. Isabella said: "*Ecoutez*, then, means put out the lights."

JUNE 6.—Mem Cohen, fresh from the hospital where she went with a beautiful Jewish friend, Rachel, we will call her (be it her name or no), was put to feed a very weak patient. Mem noticed what a handsome fellow he was and how quiet and clean. She fancied by those tokens that he was a gentleman. In performance of her duties the lovely young nurse leaned kindly over him and held the cup to his lips. When that ceremony was over and she had wiped his mouth, to her horror she felt a pair of by no means weak arms around her neck and a kiss upon her lips, which she thought strong, indeed. She did not say a word; she made no complaint. She slipped away from the hospital, and hereafter in her hospital work will minister at long range, no matter how weak and weary, sick and sore the patient may be. "And," said Mem, "I thought he was a gentleman." "Well, a gentleman is a man, after all, and she ought not to have put those red lips of hers so near."


BEATS CARD SYSTEMS

ONE OF THESE OUTFITS kept in your desk will save you more time, bother and worry than anything else you ever bought. Order one and try it; if it is not worth more to YOU than we ask for it, send it back and we will do the same with your money. We could not afford to make such a liberal offer if our goods did not possess sufficient merit to insure your being perfectly satisfied with them.

THIS COMPLETE
LOOSE LEAF LEDGER
Your Choice of 40 Different Forms
SENT PREPAID IN U.S.
FOR $1.00 Your Money Back if you Want it.

Dimensions of Binder When Open 16 in. wide, 5¾ in. high, 1½ in. thick.

**The Outfit Consists of the Following Articles:**

ONE COMPLETE LOOSE LEAF BINDER—Covered with the finest quality of imported Buckram; size 5¾ inches high, 8½ inches wide, 1½ inches thick; filled with Linen Bond Sheets and Indexes.

TWO HUNDRED (200) PRINTED RECORD SHEETS—Size 8 inches wide by 5 inches high (your choice of five ledger rulings or any of the forty [40] different forms listed below), made of a fine quality Linen Bond paper.

ONE COMPLETE SET OF ALPHABETICAL INDEX SHEETS—With tabs printed on both sides (25 sheets).

TWENTY-FIVE (25) PLAIN MOVABLE METAL MARKERS—For indexing the records by dates, without disturbing the alphabetical arrangement.

ONE SPECIAL HEAVY INDEX SHEET—Numbered from 1 to 31, inclusive, or with the months or the alphabet, as desired.

**List of Special Printed Forms Furnished With This Outfit:**

The Five Ledger Rulings
Center Ruled Ledger Forms No. 117C
Extra Debit Ledger Forms No. 127D
Petty Ledger Forms No. 127
Standard Ledger Forms No. 127B
Double Ledger Forms No. 127E
Advertising Contracts No. 250
Advertising Returns No. 235
Cost of Production No. 215
Catalogue Indexing No. 151
Cash Book Ruled Sheets Nos. 126-128
Duplicating Requisition Blanks
Dentist's Records No. 107
Employees Records No. 143
Following Up Collections No. 145
Freight Claims No. 210
Horizontal Ruled Forms (five colors)
Household Expense Records No. 161
Installment Accounts No. 123
Insurance Office Records No. 199
Insurance Solicitor's Records No. 155
Journal Ruled Sheets Nos. 126-128
Lawyers' Collection Docket No. 135
Library Indexing No. 159
Lodge or Society Records No. 227
Mortgage and Loan Records No. 230
Monthly Time Sheets No. 121
Orders Received Blanks No. 130
Plain Manila Sheets for Scrap Book
Price List Blanks No. 153
Publishers' Subscription List No. 217
Physicians' Records No. 140
Purchasing Agents Records No. 137
Prospective Customers List No. 104
Quadrille Ruled Forms
Quotations Given No. 209
Quotations Received No. 211
Real Estate Records No. 197
Recapitulation Blanks No. 102
Salesmen's "Follow Up" No. 153
Stock on Hand Record No. 123
Weekly Time Sheets No. 219

**Our Free Book** "MOORE'S MODERN METHODS" contains 196 pages of valuable information on Bookkeeping and Loose Leaf Accounting. It illustrates and describes the 40 different forms furnished with this outfit, and fully explains the many advantages of our methods. MAY WE SEND IT TO YOU?

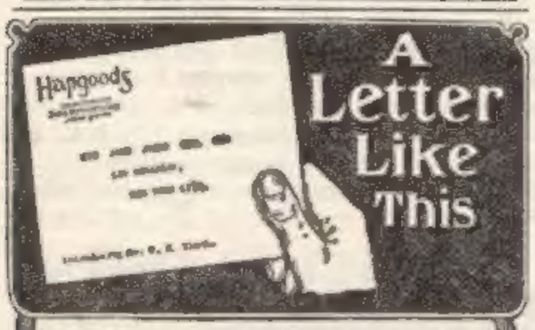
JOHN C. MOORE CORPORATION
295 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.

Established 1839—Makers of everything in the line of Blank Books, Loose Leaf Binders, Post Binders, Clutch Binders and Office Stationery

*We sell direct to Consumers ONLY, which means you pay ONE profit only!*

MOORE'S MODERN METHODS — MOORE'S MOVABLE MARKERS






opens the door to success every month for hundreds of high grade Salesmen, Executive, Clerical, and Technical men. Over 12,000 employers give preference to applicants recommended by us because they know from experience that our thorough system of investigation makes our service the best means of securing reliable men for responsible places. This is why there are always more positions on our lists than we can fill.

**Hundreds of positions paying $1,000 to $5,000 now open**

including several desirable opportunities for men having money to invest with their services. If you have ability in any line of business or technical work, we can introduce you to the right opportunity. Write us to-day stating position desired.

HAPGOODS
Suite 509, 309 Broadway, New York

815 Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia
535 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland
704 Park Building, Pittsburg
1211 Hartford Bldg., Chicago
915 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis
Loan & Trust Bldg., Minneapolis
Other offices in other cities.

Better than a safe

Money deposited with us is just as safe in every way as if you had it in a safe at home. And better in this way—it earns

**5% interest**

compounded semi-annually, for the exact number of days deposited.

If you want any of your money, you can get it almost as easily as if it was in your safe. We send it immediately on notification.

Write for our free booklet.

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company
Dept. A. Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

THIS IS THE LIMIT.

**$4.50** For a 50-Egg Hot Water, Self-regulating Incubator. Guaranteed to hatch every hatchable egg. $3 for 50-chick brooder. Only $7.50 for complete outfit. 30 days' trial. Send for FREE catalogue.

Buckeye Incubator Co.
Box 21 SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

No agent's profits to pay.



PACIFIC MAIL

GIANTS
Via the
Semi-Tropical Route
To Hawaii, Japan, China and the Philippines

A voyage having all the luxury of service afforded by the greatest Atlantic Liners added to climatic advantages which make storms and fog almost unheard of.

For information apply to any railroad ticket agent or to
PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO., San Francisco, Cal.
CHICAGO 193 Clark St. NEW YORK 1 Broadway, 349 Broadway ST. LOUIS 903 Olive St.



"FOLLOW THE FLAG."

WABASH LINE

"Banner Blue Limited"
BETWEEN
St. Louis and Chicago
The Finest Day Train in the World.

CONSIST OF TRAIN:
Combination Baggage Car and Smoker.
Combination Coach and Chair Car.
Combination Dining and Buffet Car.
Combination Observation and Parlor Car.

Painted in Royal Blue and Gold; vestibuled throughout; lighted by electricity; finished in African Mahogany, inlaid with holly; windowed with bevel plate and Cathedral jewel glass; furnished with Wilton carpets and upholstered with silk plush; Haviland china and Toledo cut glass; pantry, kitchen and chef's department specially designed; every car supplied with hot and cold water and heated by steam.

C. S. CRANE
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
ST. LOUIS, MO.

tells how to make money—How to raise young chicks for early spring markets when prices are high. How to make a profit on ducks. How to feed for heavy fowls. How to make hens lay. Why not get an adequate return from poultry? Why not try modern methods this year?

Why not learn about incubators and brooders from a firm who have been in business since 1867 and who know how to make satisfactory machines? Write us for the book today. It is free.

Geo. Ertel Co., Quincy, Ill.



No fun like collecting! Start to-day! Big list and 100 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS SENT FOR 4 Cts.
India; Japan; many others. Approval sheets also sent. 50% com.
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 9 K Bromfield St., BOSTON



Government Positions!
25,566 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement and learn how you may secure it. It will be sent free. Mention this magazine.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
323-325 Pa. Ave. S. E. Washington, D. C.



PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
MUNN & CO., 360 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



Can You Draw This?

Copy it as well as you can, send to us and we will give you a handsome portfolio of drawings by the noted artist, Charles Lederer. A course of lessons by mail, at home, may qualify you to earn a good salary as an artist and cartoonist. Instruction individual and exactly adapted to your talent.

THE LEDERER SCHOOL OF DRAWING
Chattanooga, Tennessee

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $9,500 for another. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
996 F Street, Washington, D. C.



Engineering TAUGHT BY CORRESPONDENCE

Our system of training by mail has helped thousands hold down a poor position to rise to better salaries and situations. Your chance to rise is just as good as others. Write for our free illustrated book, "Can I Become An Electrical Engineer?" We teach by mail, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Telegraphy. Electrical Engineer Institute, Dept. 35, 240 W. 23rd St., New York.



SELL SHORT STORIES

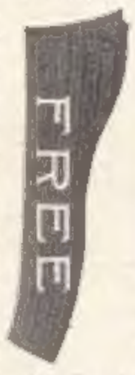
Story-Writing and Journalism
Taught by mail; short stories and book manuscripts criticised and revised; also placed on commission. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit;" tells how.
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

## Made-to-Order
# Suits $12.50

### Nothing Ready-Made

Guaranteed to fit and please you. You take no risk. You simply allow us to prove how much better our garments are than those you buy of your local tailor for twice our price.

### 10,000 Pairs of $5 Trousers Free




To induce you to give us your first order, so we can actually show you the exclusive style, splendid fit and remarkable value we give, we will give you a pair of **$5 All-Wool Trousers Free** with your first suit order, providing you will mention this magazine and write today for **Free Cloth Samples** of our elegant **$12.50, $15, $18 and $20 guaranteed all-wool suits, each made strictly to order.**

We hereby agree to hold the money you pay for any one of our suits as a deposit, until you have 5 days to examine and try on the garments **in your own home,** with the distinct agreement to refund the entire amount upon the return of the garments to us, if you are not absolutely satisfied with them.

Write today for book of styles, measurement blanks and superb assortment of nobby, all-wool suiting samples **free,** and see for yourself how well we can dress you and the dollars you can save by ordering a suit of us and getting a pair of **$5 all-wool trousers absolutely free.**

**NOTICE—Write today** and be sure and ask for samples of the **free** trousers given with the first order to introduce our **made-to-order suits.**

**Owen T. Moses & Co., Tailors, 201 Moses Building, Chicago**

References: Anyone of our 900,000 Customers or the Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock, $250,000.00.

# JAMAICA

To the Fairest Island in the Golden Caribbean via

**UNITED FRUIT CO'S STEAMSHIP LINES**

A delightful four day sea trip is afforded by the steel twin-screw U. S. Mail Ships ADMIRALS DEWEY, SCHLEY, SAMPSON, FARRAGUT.

Weekly sailings from Boston and Philadelphia. New American built **S. S. Buckman** and **Watson,** weekly from Baltimore. **Round Trip $75, One Way $40,** with meals and stateroom.

Address for information and Jamaica Booklets, PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE

# BALTIMORE & OHIO

### ROYAL BLUE LINE TOURS TO WASHINGTON AND FLORIDA

THESE popular personally-conducted tours from Boston, New York and Philadelphia, for the season of 1905, have been arranged for as follows:

**SEVEN DAY TOURS TO WASHINGTON**

From Boston $25, including all expenses as per itinerary, starting February 3 and 17, March 17 and 31, April 14 and 28, and May 12.

From New York $18, starting February 4 and 18, March 18, April 1, 15 and 29, and May 13. These tours permit of stay in Washington four and one-half days at first-class hotels; with stop-over of several hours at Philadelphia on return trip.

**THREE DAY TOURS TO WASHINGTON**

From New York $12, Philadelphia $9, round trip, all expenses as per itinerary, starting February 11, March 16 and 30, April 18 and 27, and May 11. These tours permit of two full days at the Capital City.

**SPECIAL FLORIDA TOURS**

Leaving Boston February 6 and 20, and March 6, and from New York the following days. The first via Atlantic Coast Line; the second via Seaboard Air Line, and third via Southern Railway. The rate from Boston, including all expenses, as per itinerary, $59.50, and from New York $50.

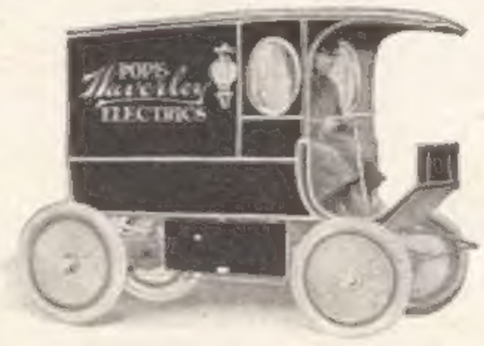
Illustrated itineraries, giving arrangements in detail, may be procured from all Baltimore & Ohio R. R. ticket agents at Boston, New York and Brooklyn.

# STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**

# AUTOMOBILE DELIVERY COSTS LESS

Do you fully understand the economy and advertising value of automobile delivery, and especially of the general efficiency of




**POPE-Waverley ELECTRICS**

If you are at present using a horse-drawn vehicle or any other type of automobile delivery why not send for our catalogue and let us give you the facts about automobile delivery. We also make fifteen models in pleasure vehicles.

Catalogue and name of our agent on request.

**POPE MOTOR CAR CO., Desk L, Indianapolis, Ind.**

# $150,000 in cash

### Earned by Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST since October first
### As much more is yet to come

Between October first, 1904, and February first, 1905, we have paid more than $150,000 in cash to those acting as local representatives of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Several have earned more than $2500 each; hundreds have earned from $100 to $2000 each; all have earned something.

By getting subscriptions? Yes, but "getting subscriptions" for these two magazines is different from getting them for any other periodicals published. An agency for them is entirely different from being what is known as a "subscription canvasser." It involves a dignity and business standing not possible in representing any other publishing firm. The subscriptions are more easily secured, the work pleasanter and the remuneration larger.

The amount paid during the past four months is large, but we have as much more to be paid during the next four months, before June first, and a part of it is waiting for you. A liberal commission will be paid for every new name and renewal sent, and $5000 more just as extra prizes to more than 300 who do the best work each month. If you are willing to make the experiment we are willing to help you, and it won't cost you one cent to try it. Remember, you cannot fail to earn something, and the more time you devote to the work the more you will earn. Just send a line addressed to

**THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**402 Arch Street, Philadelphia**

# An Education Without Cash

## *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST*

offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

**The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia**

# YOU SAVE $10

**By purchasing $10 worth of**

# Larkin Soaps

**Receiving a**

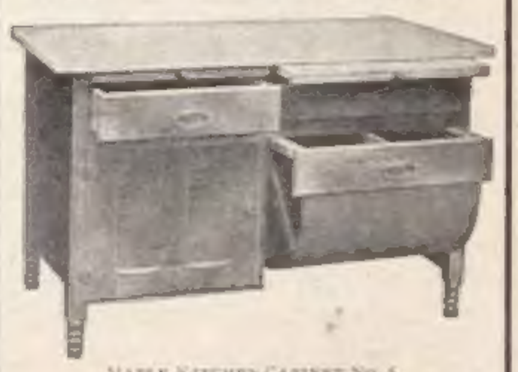
## $10 PREMIUM FREE

THE Larkin Idea of Factory-to-Family dealing offers to every thrifty housekeeper the opportunity to save money and obtain home furnishings without cost. Larkin Products and Premiums are in use everywhere.

With your **$10.00** selection of **Larkin Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Toilet Articles, Flavoring Extracts** and other Household Necessities, you receive the many middlemen's saved profits and expenses in a $10.00 Premium free — hundreds to choose from.

Larkin customers appreciate getting twice what the retailer gives.

**$20.00 RETAIL VALUE FOR $10.00**



MAPLE KITCHEN CABINET NO. 5.

Convenient labor-saving arrangement. Made of hard White Maple, with gloss finish. Strong and durable. Free for using or selling $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

**A LARKIN COMBINATION CASE**

**If preferred, you may select $10.00 worth from forty Household Necessities**

| | |
|---|---|
| 80 bars Sweet Home Soap | $4.00 |
| 5 bars White Woolen Soap | .25 |
| 8 pkgs. Boraxine Soap Powder | .80 |
| 5 bars Honor Bright Scouring Soap | .25 |
| 10 bars Maid o' the Mist Bath Soap | .50 |
| ¼ doz. Modjeska Toilet Soap | .60 |
| ¼ doz. Old English Castile Soap | .30 |
| ¼ doz. Elite Glycerine Toilet Soap | .25 |
| ¼ doz. Creme Oatmeal Toilet Soap | .25 |
| ¼ doz. Borated Tar Soap | .25 |
| ¼ doz. Safeguard Carbolic Soap | .25 |
| ⅛ doz. World's Work Toilet Soap | .10 |
| 1 stick Larkin Shaving Soap | .10 |
| 1 3-oz. bottle Derma Balm | .25 |
| 1 4-oz. bottle Violet Toilet Water | .50 |
| 1 2-oz. jar Cold Cream | .35 |
| 1 2-oz. bottle Vanilla Flavoring Extract | .30 |
| 1 2-oz. bottle Tooth Powder | .20 |
| 1 3-oz. box Talcum Powder | .15 |
| 1 2-oz. bottle Glycerine | .10 |
| 1 3-oz. box Silver Polish | .05 |
| 1 8-oz. can Larkin Liquid Stove Polish | .10 |
| 1 box Larkin Shoe Polish — Black Paste | .10 |
| Added to which is the present-for-cash of an extra 50 cents' worth of products. | $10.00 |

**TRY SOAPS THIRTY DAYS**

Larkin Products and Premiums have given the highest satisfaction for thirty years. Money refunded if any Product or Premium proves unsatisfactory after thirty days' trial.

**Send Trial Order, or Write for Premium List 91**

Nearly 700 Premium offers. Homes furnished free.

*Larkin Co.*

ESTABLISHED 1875. **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

A BOOK of plainly told stories of unusual interest in which a score of Chautauqua nurses tell of success won by the study of our courses. We teach this profession by mail; hosts of our graduates earning $12 to $30 a week, to whom we refer. This book and full information of the nature of our work will be sent without expense to interested readers.

**THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING**
**305 Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y.**

# 100 Lovely Flowers For 10 Cts.

I have collected 100 varieties of wonderful flowers, their beauty being beyond description, and will send a few seeds of all these kinds for testing this summer to any person enclosing 10c to pay postage and packing. They are simply marvels of beauty, many new to us all, and this offer is made only to advertise my flowers. My **great seed catalogue** for 1905 will be sent with every lot of seeds. It is full of *bargains.* $4000 "*Leaves on Vegetables*" is what is creating wonderful interest with the ladies. It is something entirely new; no other catalogue has it, and you will be delighted with it. Send to-day.

**F. B. MILLS, Box 99, Rose Hill, N. Y.**

# Now then -
# Who said Biscuits?

The delicious hot biscuits and beaten biscuits of the South, in all their varying forms, as well as the standard bread, rolls and pastry of the North are vastly superior when made from GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

## WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

COPYRIGHT 1925 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN U.S.A.